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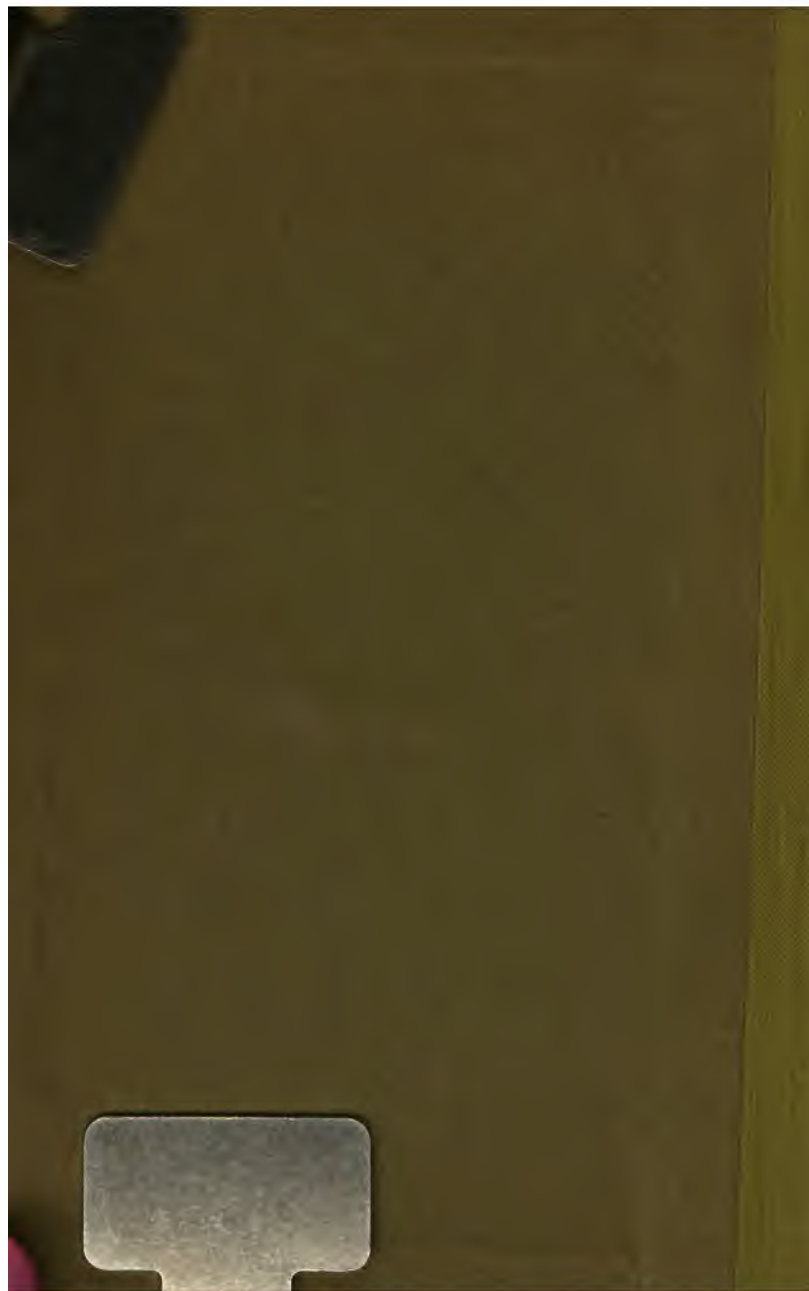
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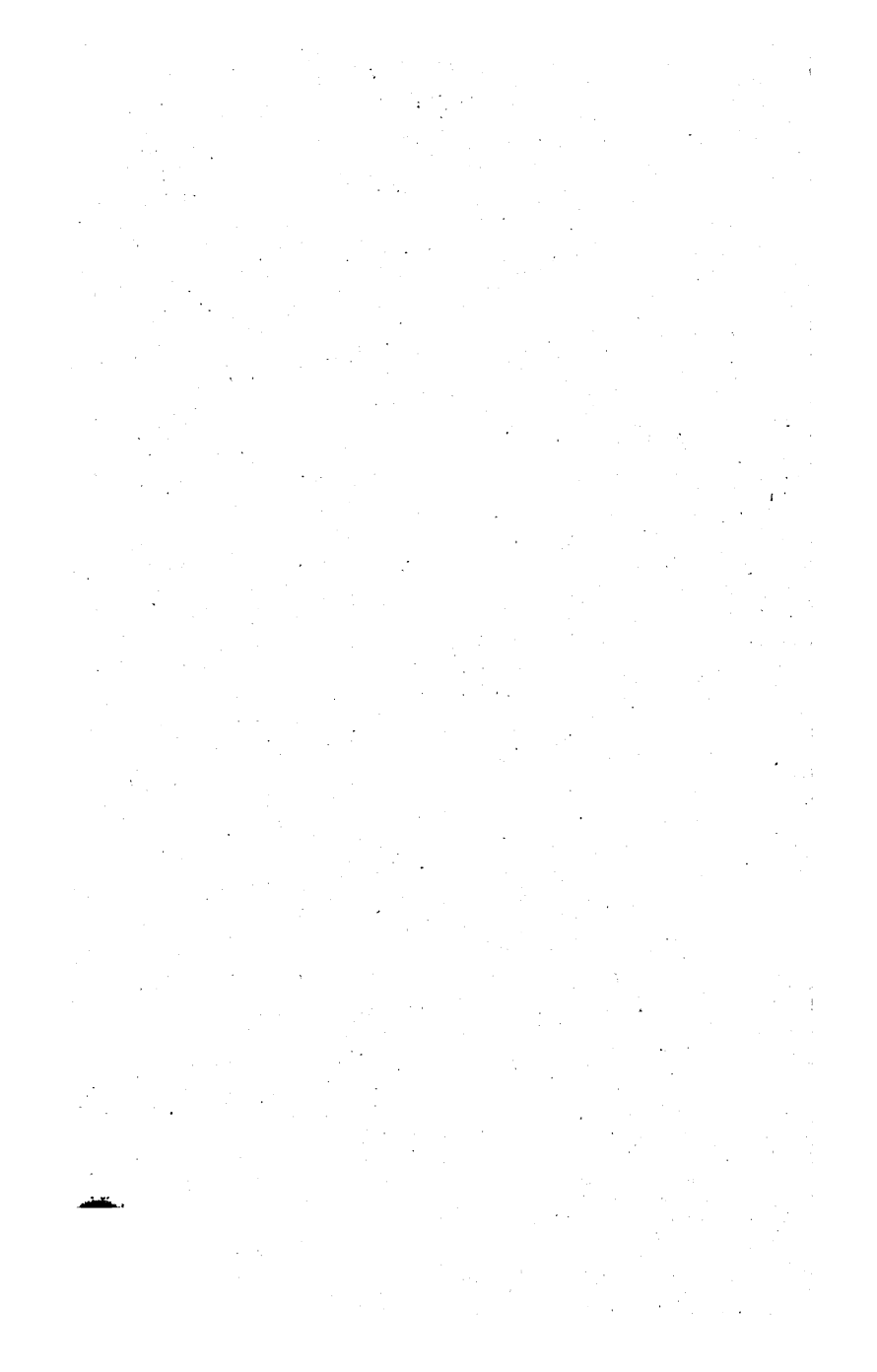
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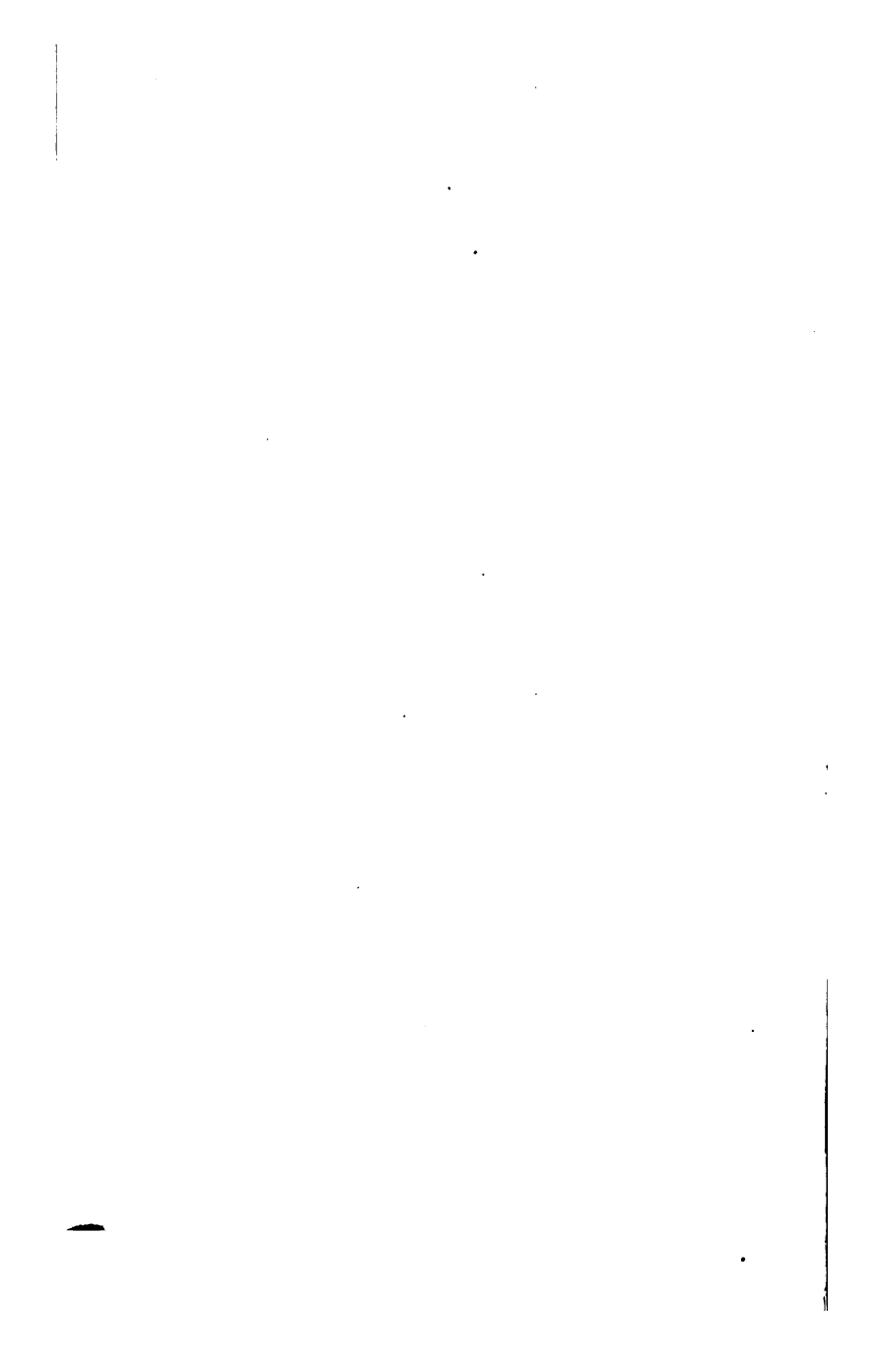
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EASTERN EUROPE
AND
THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

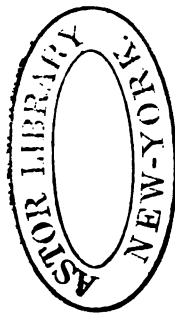
BY THE AUTHOR OF

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by G. F. Harrington

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CHAPTER I.

MICKIEWICZ THE POET.

THE PSEUDO PROPHET TOVIANSKI, AND HIS SECT.

ADAM MICKIEWICZ (pronounced Mitzkiavitch,) one of the first, if not the first of Polish poets, distinguished in almost as great a degree by his erudition and eloquence as by his genius, was long the pride of Poland, and the glory of the emigration, which he had joined.

Exiled from the university of Vilna to the Crimea, at the time of Novosiltsoff's persecution, he was subsequently allowed to proceed to Moscow and St. Petersburg, where he became intimate with the Russian poet, Pushkin. He was thence permitted to travel to Italy, and from Italy he came to join his exiled countrymen in France, after the suppression of their revolution.

Mitzkiavitch was a favourite with his countrymen of every shade of opinion. Independent of the admiration which they felt in common for his learning and his genius, the religious party were full of sympathy for his profoundly christian feeling ; the monarchial and aristocratic portion found in him an enthusiast for their chivalric glories, and the democratic section of his compatriots were delighted with his generous and liberal tendencies. In fact, the ideas of this remarkable man, if not cosmopolitan, were rather Slavonic than Polish ; his views always extended beyond the mere Polish family, and though his attention was chiefly drawn towards the sufferings of Poland, far from ever confounding the instrument with the hand directing it, or giving way to a natural hatred to the Muscovites, he always showed himself full of solicitude as to their future.

The renown he had acquired led the French ministry (at the instigation, I believe, of M. de Montalembert) to propose to the chambers the establishment for him of a professor's chair of Slavonic literature in Paris, which was offered in the most flattering manner to the first of Polish poets.

Mitzkiavitch, setting at defiance all the peculiar

prejudices of his country, had married a beautiful Jewess. The miseries of the state of exile in which they were living before the provision appropriately and handsomely made for him by the French senate, had, however, so far preyed upon her mind that she went mad.

After watching her with unremitting care and attention, the poet, hopeless of her recovery, placed her in the environs of Paris, where he could visit her in every hour of leisure allowed by his professional duties.

Mitzkiavitch, a man of fervent piety, of critical acumen, and of unimpeachable veracity, relates, that musing in the dusk of evening, he was suddenly startled by perceiving a figure seated at the other end of the sofa upon which he was sitting. Fancying himself alone, he was surprised at the presence of another person, who proved to be a stranger, and for whose apparition, he says, that he has never been able up to this day to account. On inquiring his pleasure, this unexpected visitant replied in Polish, to the effect that he had just come from Poland, directed by the Almighty to find out the poet, and to cure the insanity of his wife.

The professor at once conceived that the stranger

was labouring under some hallucination, but his manner was so mild, his insistence so persevering, that, struck by the singularity of his announcement, and perhaps willing to obtain some opinion as to the case of his compatriot, which for him was one of peculiarly painful interest, was induced to accede to his request ; and led him to the asylum in which his wife was confined.

No sooner was he introduced into the presence of the poet's lady, than he declared her to be from that moment sane ; and, strange to say, her restoration to her senses became so obvious, that the delighted husband was enabled to take her home, where from that hour up to the present she has experienced no relapse.

This circumstance, attributable to numerous natural causes, produced so profound an impression on the mind of Mitzkiavitch,—no doubt already disturbed by study and misfortune,—that he listened further to the stranger, and was induced to believe in the reality of his divine mission, which was, perhaps, purposely based upon a theory his previous researches had led him to adopt.

The new prophet,—for he pretends to nothing less than to the gift of prophecy—is a Lithuanian, about fifty years of age, named Tovianski.

Unprepossessing, it is said, in appearance, and divested of persuasive power, he succeeded, by the conversion of Mitzkiavitch, in appropriating his glowing eloquence, his erudition and his poesy.

The glaring absurdities of Tovianski's system excited more wonder than ridicule, when shared by so great an authority ; whilst at the same time they were rendered plausible by the genius of his new disciple.

The studies of the learned had recently led them to rebut the opinion long entertained, that the Slavonic race only dated its settlement in Europe from a period subsequent to the establishment of the Germans. Lelewel had first shown them to have occupied Europe in the time of the Greek and Roman republic, long prior to the westward emigrations of the numerous tribes which overflowed it. Mitzkiavitch went further, for he assumed the Slavonians to be the direct descendants of the Asyrians, and proved the striking affinity of the Slavonic dialect to all that is left to us of their language; which, at the same time, he demonstrates clearly to be totally distinct from the Hebrew or Chaldean.

This theory, into which we shall enter at greater length in comparing the Slavonic and Germanic

people, Tovianski had adopted, as well as other historic conclusions to which Mitzkiavitch had been led by his researches.

The Slavonians, Tovianski contended, were the Sur or Syrians of old, a branch of the Assur or Assyrian race, swept off from the face of Asia, at the time of the destruction of Nineveh and Babylon, and doomed (as afterwards the Hebrews were) to a long course of expiation, which they have for the last thirty centuries undergone, in the shape of incessant servitude under every form. Neither Poland at the time of its independence, nor Russia in its present ascendancy, it is argued, offer any exception ; because, in neither country was the dominant class of Slavonic origin, however now blended with the people.

The term of this long expiation he declared, however, to be now drawing to a close : an announcement which appeared to meet with confirmation, in the fact that so many Slavonic nations, after remaining sunk in the torpor of apathy for centuries, seemed to be awakening to a sense of their existence, and of the confraternity of their different branches. Tovianski was the prophet chosen by Heaven to announce this truth to the world, and he had been directed in

a vision to seek out Mitzkiavitch. Very far from quarrelling with the prophets who had preceded him, this new light added many more to their number. Mankind, he declared to have been enlightened by a continuous stream of revelation ; and amongst the last chosen to communicate this heavenly light, he counts Napoleon, Byron, and Pushkin ; though admitting that they were not quite true to their mission.

Tovianski, a man without either imagination or eloquence, never wrote anything but a small pamphlet of about twelve pages, subjoined in the appendix,—a tissue of obscurity and absurdity, which, if at first made public, would probably never have procured him a single proselyte. He very prudently, however, at first contented himself with the conversion of Mitzkiavitch, who began to pave the way for the annunciation of his doctrine, in a series of brilliant lectures on Slavonic literature, in which he brought all his ingenuity, his learning, and his persuasive powers to bear, leading his auditors by a *facile decensus* to the point at which he thought first to allude to, and then boldly to avow his object.

It is only by recalling, that the erudition and genius of Mitzkiavitch were so generally acknow-

ledged that a professor's chair was established for him by a foreign government, and the influence of his reputation and virtue, so great that his suggestion sufficed to found a religious community, still flourishing, that one can form a fitting idea of the consternation of the whole Polish emigration, when the obscurities which had recently puzzled them in the last lectures of the professor, were solved by his distinct avowal, which left no doubt of the monstrous aberration of his reason.

Nevertheless, the new sect recruited about sixty followers, between Poles and Frenchmen.

Whilst all parties unite to regret the humiliating and painful loss experienced in him, his past life, and the sacrifices he has made in the adoption of the new creed, leave no doubt as to the sincerity of his belief, which can only proceed from that derangement of his vast and highly sensitive mind, towards which some tendency appears to be discernible in his previous writings, and which of late years appears to have been incessantly and painfully affected, both by the calamities of his country, and by those of a domestic nature which have assailed him.

As to the prophet Tovianski, some incline to

believe him to be an enthusiast ; others judge him to be a Russian agent, whose object was to work on the religious melancholy by which many of the Poles have become affected in their exile, for the purpose of throwing discredit on the Polish cause ; and in which he must in that case have succeeded far beyond his most sanguine expectations.

It is at least certain, that Tovianski, an obscure Lithuanian lawyer, was always on good terms with the Russian government, having taken no part in the Polish revolution, in which he says that he was forbidden by a celestial vision to interfere ; and throughout his conduct, there is an appearance of as much cunning as fanatical hallucination.

However this may be, the ice once broken, his partisans quickly summoned the archbishop of Paris to give up his crosier and make place for better men ; and hence from one act of madness to another, Tovianski is said to have alluded to the Emperor Nicholas as the Slavonic man of destiny, and to have proposed that his disciples should make their submission to him ; assuring them that though still wandering in darkness, he will shortly be converted to the true light.

We shall now give to the reader some account,

and extracts of two of the most celebrated poems of Mitzkiavitch, the Conrad Wallenrode, and The Dżjady; the one written during his exile in Russia, the other, when his reputation was at its zenith.

CHAPTER II.

POLISH POETRY.

THE DZJADY ; OR, FEAST OF THE DEAD.

BY MITZKIAVITCH.

Impression of St. Petersburg on the Exile—The Vision of the Priest Peter—The Dream of the Imperial Senator—The Delirious Improvisation of the Dying Student—The Senator and the Blind Mother.

There exists amongst the Polish peasantry, a superstitious custom called the Dzejady, derived from the times of paganism, when after the feast and sacrifice, the sacrificator was supposed to hold converse with the manes of the departed. Christianity tolerated this heathen ceremonial with disdainful indifference, being as unable to suppress it, as to eradicate from some parts of the United Kingdom, the popular traditions and belief in fairies, or to discredit, in rural districts, the horse-shoe nailed over the door for luck.

On a certain day of the year, the peasantry assemble, and having offered up meat and drink to the spirits of the departed, under the presidency of one of their number, chosen to officiate, they burn tufts of flax or hemp, and he then solemnly addresses the disembodied souls of their friends and kinsmen ; inquiring whether anything can be done for them, and how they fare in the world of shadows.

Mitzkiavitch has appropriated the superstition of the Dżjady, not only as being peculiarly national, but as giving him, in the patriotic poem which bears that name, the opportunity of evoking from the graves in which their wrongs are buried, many of the victims of Russian oppression.

This poem, as original and dramatic as Dante's *Inferno*, may in some measure be compared to it for conception and design, but in execution it is full of the same wildness and mysticism as Goëthe's *Faust* and Krasinski's *Infernal Comedy*. Whilst like the *Faust*, full of that obscurity which Byron in his *Manfred* has proved to be by no means necessarily allied to the most weird and shadowy beauty in compositions of this nature, the *Dżjady* contains also thoughts and passages of the utmost sublimity. It possesses besides an interest in which the pre-cited poems are wanting, as being a sort of chronicle, not only of the

sufferings of the poet, but of his people. It mirrors in many parts the deeply religious feeling, the agony, the fears, and even the doubts of his nation. Mitzkiavitch was himself imprisoned in the persecution of the youth of Vilna, by Novosiltsof, which he describes; and the insanity to which the poet student is driven, has been afterwards so strangely realised in his own person, that one may almost doubt whether in writing the improvisation of the dying youth, he was not recording some temporary aberration of his own mind. The Dzijady is divided into several parts, of which the first were written during his exile in Russia,—the latter since he had joined the emigration; and these are therefore by far the most interesting, as all referring directly to subjects comparatively modern, and because he therein gives openly the impressions which, at the time of writing the first portions of his poem, he could only allow to colour it.

For instance, having led one of the exiles through Russia to St. Petersburg, he describes with singular truth, the aspect of that capital, and records the effect produced under similar circumstances upon himself. It is perhaps necessary to inform the reader, that the inscriptions

which appear upon the walls, are literally correct. Though the change of fashion since 1827 has banished these lengthy incongruous announcements from the doors and sign-boards, the monstrous inversion of all social order, according to the standard of our civilisation, which they indicate, remains unchanged. The imperial coachman, who drives the emperor in livery, is a colonel in the army; and the advancement of a professor and of a general is still obtained through the protection of a favourite's nursery-maid.

ASPECT OF ST. PETERSBURG.

I.

In the classic days of Greece and Rome, men raised
Their dwellings near the temples of the gods,
Beside the fountains of the Nymphs; amid the sacred
 groves,
Or upon hills Capitoline, protective from the foe.

II.

Thus Athens, Rome, and Sparta rose.
In the Gothic age, the strong baronial tower
Gave shelter to the neighbourhood, and the cottage
Was reared adhering to the rampart walls.
Then on some navigable river's bank

Vast cities gathered with the march of time :
But it was through the godhead or the hero,
Or through man's willing industry, they ever grew.

III.

But how did Russia's capital originate ?
Why myriads of Slavonians
Crowd they into this corner of their territory
So recently conquered from the sea and from the Finn ?
Here the earth yields not either fruit or corn,
The wind brings with it only snow or waves,
The climate now too hot, and now too cold,
Is terrible and changeful as a despot's mood.

IV.

Men did not choose this unpropitious spot,—
This morass pleased the Tsar, and he ordained
A city to be raised, not for mankind, but him.
A Tsar has here displayed his mighty power.

V.

He spoke, and in the quicksand and the bog,
They drove a hundred thousand solid piles,
They sank the bones of a hundred thousand men,
Then on these piles and Muscovite skeletons,
The surface laid ; another multitude
He yoked to cars and barges. Blocks and beams
He brought from distant shores and over seas.

VI.

He had seen Paris, and he reared Parisian sites ;
Remembering Amsterdam, he gathered waters ;
He had heard that Rome had gorgeous palaces,—
Palaces rise ; Venice, which like a virgin syren stands
In water to the waist, his fancy struck,
And so through swampy fields he cuts canals,
Suspends the bridge, and makes the gondola float.
Thus he constructs a Venice—Paris—London ;
But without their beauty, their civilisation, or their life.

VII.

'Tis said by architects, that men built Rome, and angels
Venice,—
But he who sees St. Petersburg, will deem
That it can only be the work of Satan's hands.

VIII.

Streets run towards the river long and wide
As mountain defiles. Giant houses stand ;
Here brick, there stone, marble on clay, and clay on
marble piled,
But uniform as soldiers newly dressed, the roof and walls
alike ;
With many inscriptions on these walls in many tongues.
Startled by all these languages, the eye wanders as over
a new Babel.
Here it reads : " Achmet Khan of the Kirguise lives

here, governor of the department of Polish affairs. Senator;"—further,—"*Ici Monsieur Joko donne des leçons de langue, avec accent de Paris. Il est en même temps cuisinier de la cour ; receveur de la régie des eaux de vie ; basse de l'orchestre, et surveillant des écoles ;*"*—next,—"*Here lodges the Italian, Paolo Gioco, who formerly made sausages for the ladies of the imperial court, and now keeps a young ladies' school ;*"—or else in German,—"*Residence of the Reverend Doctor, Deiner, knight of several imperial orders. Notice.*—In his next sermon from the pulpit, the Reverend Doctor will set forth how the Tsar and Pope derives from God his authority as autocratic master of our faith and conscience.—He invites his Calvinistic, Socinian, and Anabaptist brethren, (thereby conforming to the will of the emperor, and of his faithful ally the king of Prussia,) to accept the new faith, and to unite with him in the fraternity of religious communion."

The following extract, referring to the persecution of Novosiltzof, in some measure exposes the belief then entertained by many of the Poles, and since fervently adopted by the author of the *Dzjady*, that Poland was doomed to a long expiation.

* Here Monsieur Joko gives lessons in languages, teaching the true Parisian accent. He is at the same time court cook ; receiver for the brandy farm ; bass of the orchestra, and superintendant of schools.

THE VISION OF THE PRIEST.

Scene.—Cell of the Priest Peter. He is lying stretched upon the ground.

Oh Lord, what am I in thine eyes but dust and nothingness? I confess my nothingness, I confess that I am but dust; yet even that dust I am, hast thou called to hold communion with thee.

HIS VISION.

The tyrant has arisen. Herod is arisen. Oh Lord, is all young Poland given into Herod's hands? What do I see? White roads which cross each other,—unending, weary roads! Through deserts and through snows they lead towards the north.

See, see! that crowd of vehicles, like a cloud driven by the wind. They all take the same direction. Oh Lord! within them are our children,—there in the north, then is their destination; and their fate is—exile! Wilt thou permit that they be thus cut off, in the flower of their youth? Wilt thou allow even this last offshoot of Poland to be annihilated? What do I see? Oh! that child at least is saved! He grows apace. This is the avenger who shall resuscitate his people. He is the son of a foreign mother, *but his blood is the old blood of a heroic race, and his name is—Forty-four!*”

The poet here refers to the custom which deprives exiles to Siberia of their name, for which a number

is substituted. The vision then continues to typify the persecution of Poland, by the Saviour's passion.

Wilt thou not, oh Lord! hasten his advent? wilt thou not comfort my people?—No! my people must fulfil its sacrifice! I see the host of tyrants and of executioners seize and bind it. All Europe casts the stone at it. To the judgment-seat! The crowd hurries off the innocent victim to the judgment-seat. Men with mouths, not hearts, sit there; yea, such are its judges. “The Gaul! The Gaul! shout the multitude! The Gaul shall judge it! The Gaul has not found it guilty; he washes his hands of it; but the princes shout, Condemn it! Let it suffer! and be its blood upon our heads and upon our children's! Crucify the Son of Mary, and deliver Barrabas! Crucify him! for he has offended Cæsar.

The Gaul hath delivered him up. My people is led away. It rears its innocent brow, wreathed in derision, with a crown of thorns.

Its cross has arms which are the width of Europe. It is formed of three withered people like of three dried up boughs.

The poet, after making allusion to the illusory independence of the crown of Poland, here points to the three Polish people,—the Poles, the Lithuanians, and the Little Russians.

My people is dragged away, behold ! Behold it on the throne of expiation ! It says,—I thirst ! Rakus (Austria) gives it vinegar, Borus (Prussia) gall ; whilst Liberty, its mother, sobs at the foot of its cross.

Behold ! the Muscovite soldier cometh, lance in hand ! and he sheds the innocent blood from the side of my people.

What hast thou done, oh most barbarous and stupid of executioners ? And yet he shall become converted, and God will accord him pardon.

In thus apostrophising the Muscovite people, Mitzkiavitch, besides distinguishing between the despotism and its instrument, already expresses the conviction, from which he has never swerved, of its eventual regeneration.

We shall now introduce the Russian pro-consul, Novosiltsof. He is asleep, and the demons torture him with tantalising illusions :—

VISION OF THE SENATOR.

A dispatch ! addressed to me ? In his imperial majesty's hand ! An autograph ! Ah ! Ah ! a hundred thousand roubles ; or an order. Here, hand it to me, lacquey. How ! The title of prince ! What will you say to that, grand marshal ? They will all die of envy. (*He turns on his bed*). So we are in the emperor's

antechamber! They are all waiting too. They bow low to me, they fear me. The marshal, the chief controller is hardly to be known, with such a face. Oh! what a grateful murmur,—what a grateful murmur to my ear, is that I hear around me. Here is the senator, the senator in favour—in favour—in—favour. Oh, to die in such an ecstasy would be like reposing within the arms of my courtesans. Every one bends humbly to me,—I am the soul of this assembly. All eyes are on me, all hearts envy me. (*He turns.*) The Tsar. His imperial majesty. Here is the Tsar. Heavens! Not a glance for me! Yes, he frowns! He looks askance at me. Oh, sire! Oh! I cannot speak, my utterance fails me. Oh, what a shudder comes over me! What a cold sweat I am in! a death-like chillness. Ah, marshal! What! The marshal turns his back upon me. Senator! Officer of the court! Oh I am dying! more than dead,—I am dust, eaten by the worms, devoured by sarcasms. Ha! every one avoids me! What a solitude! That rascally chamberlain smiles in my very face. That smile of his was to me like a spider creeping into my mouth! Ah, what was that, a pun on my misfortune? Oh tormenting fly, it buzzes round my nose like a wasp! (*He endeavours to drive the fly from his nose*). Ha! epigrams, railing sarcasms! insects that rush into my ear. Oh, my ear, my ear! (*He scratches his ear*). What is that? The very gentlemen of the bed-chamber hoot at me like

owls. The ladies' trains rustle like the rattle of the snake. Oh, what a hideous outcry! What bursts of laughter! What are they shouting out? The senator disgraced! disgraced! disgraced!

(He rolls in anguish from his bed upon the ground.

* * * * *

The next scene is the rhapsody of a youthful poet, driven to delirium by the persecution he has experienced. It is sublime as a mere composition, representing a poetic imagination, broken from the moorings of reason, and tossed about by all the fitful fancies of insanity—by the ambitious pride of the poet, and the harrowed feelings of the patriot, and exhaling itself in the wild and unmeasured melody of the æolian harp.

It derives, however, a fearful and permanent interest, which can never attach to fiction, in being the representation of a terrible reality,—as expressing a state of mind which was common amongst the Polish youth of that period.

Young men of ardent temperaments, pious, generous, studious, and devoted, witnessing so long the cruel persecution of the virtuous, and the triumph of glaring vice and oppression; when wearied out with humiliations and barbarous treatment, were driven to doubt and blasphemy;

betwixt which, and a sense of the impiety of their despair, the noblest minds oscillated and were shattered.

The poet-student is dying in his dungeon at Vilna; on each side of his pallet is a good and evil spirit; in his delirium he makes the following

IMPROVISATION.

Solitude! yet why the crowd! what is mankind to the poet?

Where is he who will ever comprehend the full thought of my song;

Whose glance will ever compass all its meaning?

Oh, my song,—unfortunate! wasting thy voice and language upon men.

Thy voice wants words, and yet thy voice suffices not to thy thought.

Thought wings its way entire out of the soul, before it scatters into words;

And words only engulfing thought, quiver over it,

Like the vaulted earth above a subterranean and invisible river.

What know men of the depth of these dark waves, by the tremor of the earth above?

What know they thus of the direction of the unseen torrent?

II.

For feeling vibrates in the soul, blazing from a spark,
As the blood circulates in the hidden veins of the body,
And so much of my blood as men can see by looking in
 my face,
So much will they see of my feeling in my song.

III.

Yes, thou my song art the star, beaming above the world,
Which the terrestrial glance when seeking
Even with wings of glass*
Fails to attain. It only just discerns thy milky way,
And judges it to be a crowd of suns ;
But it cannot count, it cannot measure them.

IV.

To thee, my song ! man's eyes and ears are needless.
Flow on in the depths of my soul, illuminate its heights,
Like the subterranean rivers, or the stars of Heaven.
Oh God ! Oh nature ! listen to me both, my strain is
 worthy of you !
My song is worthy of you !
I, the master.
Hark ! I extend my arms, I stretch my hands upon the
 stars,

* The telescope,

Like on the glasses of the harmonicon,
 Now with a motion rapid, and now slow,
 I make my soul's star vibrate,
 There flow from it a million tones, and of this million
 tones,
 'Twas I drew every one ! Each one I know ;
 I accord them all, I divide, I mix them,
 I pour them out in harmonies and streams of lightning.

IV.

I withdraw my hand, I raise it far above the world,
 And the harmonicon's glasses cease in their vibration.
 I sing alone. I listen to my own strains.
 They are long and gushing as the motion of the winds,
 They blow over all the human race, —
 They moan, they roar like to the tempest,
 And the age hoarsely accompanies the sound,
 And every tone resounds and bursts, —
 Freezes within mine ear, strikes frozen on mine eye.
 Even as the winds which rock the waters,
 By its whistlings I discern its flight,
 And I see it clad in clouds.
 Oh yea, of nature's God my song is worthy,
 It is a mighty strain—the lay of the creation.
 This song is power, it is valour !
 This song is immortality !
 For I feel immortality —I create immortality !

And what canst thou do more, oh God ?
See how I draw these thoughts from my own being,
How incarnated in words they fly,
How they scatter themselves abroad beneath the heavens ;
How they whirl round, disport, and lightan.
Far off already, but I feel them still, delectating in their beauty.
My soul divines their motions.
I love you, my poetic children !
Thoughts of my own ! my stars ! my sentiments !
Storms of my soul ! I stand amongst ye like a father
midst his children.
Ye are all mine own !

v.

Ye poets all, ye sages, and ye prophets,
Worshipped through this wide world,
I trample ye in scorn !
If all the praises, all the loud applause
Which greet ye, ye could recognise as meet
With every burst of glory of each day,
Which ever has flashed ray-like from your crowns,
With all that melody, and all the splendour of those
crowns,
Gather'd through countless centuries, and from innumerable generations,

Still ye would not possess as much of happiness, as much
of power,
As I feel in this solitary night,
Thus breathing out my song within myself,
Breathing my song out to myself alone.
Yes, I am mighty, sensitive, and wise ;
Never did I feel stronger than this hour ;
This is my zenith, and to-day my power is self-surpassing ;
This day I shall learn whether I am the most great or
the most vain ;
This day is the predestined moment ;
This day I strain the strength of my whole soul ;
This is Sampson's hour,
When blind and captive, he leaned against the pillar in
meditation.
Casting off the body, sprite-like will I wing my way,
Because I long to soar ;
And soar I will up midst the planets and the stars,
Until I reach the bourne, where creation touches its
Creator's feet !

VI.

And they are mine ! Those all-sufficient wings spread
east and west ;
The right wing strikes the past, the left wing strikes the
future ;
And thus they bear me within love's boundary—up to
THEE ;

There will I scrutinise what Thou feelest—
Thou of whom 'tis said that thou dost feel in heaven.
Lo ! I am here, I have reached thee, see how great
my power ;
My unwearying wing hath borne me up to thee.
But I am only man, and in my country I have left my
heart behind.

VII.

And if my love hath not embraced the world,
It hath not, like an insect on a rose-leaf,
Reposed upon one human being,
Nor on one family, nor on one age ;
My love is for a nation, I embrace
Its generations past, and those to come,
And press them to my bosom,
As lover, spouse, friend, father, all in one.
I would uphold them, I would yield them bliss ;
Make them a marvel to the wondering world ;
And as I have not the means, I seek it here.
I have come armed with the strength of thought,
That thought which stole the thunderbolts from heaven,
Which followed in their motions all thy planets, and
dived into the abyss of thy deep seas.
Moreover, with that power not often man's,
That inborn sensitiveness self-condensed,
Which sometimes burst volcano-like into words.

VIII.

This power I did not snatch from Eden's tree,
The tree of conscious right and wrong ;
Neither from books, nor from traditions,
Nor by solving problems intricate,
Nor from the science of the astrologer.
Born to create, this power come unto me, as thine to

THEE,—

For thou didst never seek it.
Thou hast not feared it should depart,
Nor do I fear to lose it.
Was it thou who gavest, or did I draw from the same
source as thee,
That rapid glance, so mighty in my hour of strength,
That when I look into the vapoury clouds,
And mark the wild birds skimming by,
With wings in the distance scarce perceptible,
At will my gaze arrests them like a net ?
Staid in their flight, they may raise the note of woe,
But thy winds waft not on, if I say nay.
Into the comet I gaze with my soul's strength,
And till I cease the comet, there is fixed ;
There is only man degraded and defiled,—
Man, who is nothing,— weak and mortal man,—
Who disobeys,—who will not recognise me,—who will
not recognise us,—
Thee and me,

'Tis against man, I come to seek a power,
Up here in heaven,—
That power which over nature I enjoy.
I wish to act upon the soul of man,
As I control the planets and the birds,
Through my steadfast gaze ;
Thus I would rule my fellow men ;
And not by arms, for arms by arms are shivered ;
And not through the effect of song, for that is slow ;
And not through science, which rots within itself ;
And not by miracles, which speak too loud ;—
I would govern them through the power I feel within me,
And like thee, govern in an occult way.
That which I will, it shall be man's to guess ;
That let him do, and happy he shall be ;
But if he dares neglect it,
Then let him suffer,—let him perish.
Mankind shall be to me like the thoughts and words,
Which when I will, I blend into my song.
And so 'tis said thou governest.
Thou knowest I have not wronged my thoughts or voice,
And if thou givest me power like thine, over souls,
I will create my nation like a living song ;
And working out a greater miracle,
Make it a song of triumph and of joy.
Give me the rule of souls ; for I despise so much
The inert creation which the crowd calls " world,"
Which it is wont to praise, that I disdain to try

Whether my word cannot wither it.
But this I feel,
Were I to concentrate and strain my strength, sending it
 forth at once,
Who knows but I might quench or light a hundred stars ?
I am immortal, in creation's range ;
Other beings are immortal, but I have met none greater.
The greatest is in heaven ; and I have come to seek thee,
I the most great of those who have suffered in this
 terrestrial vale.

I have not met thee yet. As yet I only guess thou art ;
So let me see thee, that I may recognise thy superiority ;
It is for power I ask thee, give it me, or point me out
 the way which thereunto leads ;
For I have heard of prophets, and of men who guided
 souls,
And I believe in them ; but that which they could, that
 I too can do.

It is power like unto thine own I crave of thee—
To govern souls like thee that I aspire.

A long silence.

(*Ironically*) Still silent ? silent still ?—but now I know
 thee, I divine thee ;
I have fathomed what thou art, and how thou rulest ;
Thou false one, who didst say that thou wert Love,
And who art only Wisdom !
Men know thee through the brain, not through the
 heart,—

Through thought, not love, they reach thine arsenal.
The man who hath immersed himself in books,
In numbers, metallurgy, or in corpses,
Alone hath gained some fragments of thy power :
He will find poisons, gunpowder, and steam ;
He will find the smoke, the explosion, and the roar ;
He will discover legitimacy and perfidy,
To use against the ignorant and the learned ;
Thou hast given this wide world to the uses of thought,
Leaving the heart to do eternal penance.
Even to me thou hast given the shortest life,
And sensibility the most acute.

(*Silence.*)

What is that inward feeling of my soul ?
Only a spark.
What is my life ?
Only an instant.
What are those lightnings which will blaze this day ?
A spark.
What is the course of all past centuries ?
An instant.
Whence comes man — the microcosm ?
From a spark.
What is that death which will destroy the wealth of all
my thoughts ?
A moment.
What was HE when the world was in his bosom ?
Only a spark.

What will be the eternity of the world when he destroys it?

An instant.

THE EVIL SPIRIT.

I bestride his soul
Like a flying steed,
On, on,
Speed, speed!

GOOD SPIRIT.

Oh in his delirium
Shield him now !
Let me flap my wing
O'er his burning brow !

KONRAD *continues.*

The moment and the spark prolonged or kindling,
Are that which creates and destroys.
Well, well ! let us prolong the instant, give it room.
Well, well ! let us blow the spark into a blaze.
It is done. Yes, now once more I summon THEE —
Once more as to a friend I lay thee bare my soul.
What silent still ? yet thou didst personally combat Satan.
Solemnly I adjure thee !
Despise me not ; I am not alone, though I alone am here :
My heart which is on earth is the brother of a people,
And were I to become blasphemer, [Satan's.
I would engage a struggle with thee more terrible than
He assailed thee with the arms of reason, I would assail
thee with the arms of love ;
For I have loved and suffered, I have grown indeed
'midst love and pain.
And when thou didst ravish from me all my happiness

I beat my hands on my own breast till they were bloody,
But raised them not up in reproach to thee !

EVIL SPIRIT.

The steed to the bird

I am changing ;

Up, up, let him soar

On the eagle's wing.

GOOD SPIRIT.

Falling star !

What delirium sinks thee

Into the abyss so far ?

KONRAD *continues.*

Now my soul is incarnate in my country,

The body hath devoured the soul ;

I and my country, we are one,

My name is million. Because for the million

I love and I endure ;

I regard my country

As the son his father stretched upon the rack,

And I feel all the woes of all my nation,

Even as a mother suffers with the pains of the unborn.

Oh, I endure until my reason totters, whilst THOU,
wisely and placidly,

Thou governest on !

Thou judgest on !

And it is said unerringly.

Hear me ! if it be true

That which with filial faith

I listened to, and believed, on coming into life,

That thou lovest, that thou didst love whilst engendering
this world,

That thou hast paternal love for that thou hast engendered.
 If thou didst show this love by shutting up that number
 of created things within the ark,
 Saving them from the deluge,—
 If thy heart be not a monster,
 Chance-born, which never can attain maturity—
 If beneath thy rule the feeling of the heart be not disorder,
 If in millions of men, appealing to thee, crying to thee
 for succour,
 Thou dost not look as on an arithmetic problem,—
 If love be of any worth,
 Then love is not an error of figures.

EVIL SPIRIT.

I change the eagle to a hy-
 dra,
 I pluck out his eyes
 Midst the blaze and the
 cloud,
 Midst the thunder loud
 Up, up, to assail, let him
 rise !

GOOD SPIRIT.

Comet of error,
 Whither wending?
 Where detached from the
 pure sun
 Where will cease thy
 course of terror ?
 Never ending! never end-
 ing !

KONRAD *continues.*

Still silent! well, I have laid thee bare my heart to its
 profoundest depths,
 Give it that power I do implore thee ; only its poor share,
 That share which upon earth ambitious pride inherits.

Oh how much happiness will I therewith create !
 Thou answerest not, thou wilt not give it to the heart,
 thou reservest it for reason,
 And yet dost thou not in me see the first of men and
 angels,
 Who knows thee better than thy archangels know thee ?
 Worthy that thou shouldst with him share thy power ?
 Say have I not divined thee ?
 Answer me ! what — still silent ? I say truly,
 Thou art silent, because confiding in thine arm !
 Beware ! love will consume what reason cannot blast ;
 Behold the focus of this inward feeling ;
 See how I gather it up, condensing it to render it more
 burning !
 Well, I can scatter it, terribly expanding, like the black
 charge in the destroying tube.

EVIL SPIRIT.

On ! on !

GOOD SPIRIT.

Mercy ! pity.

Answer me, or I will discharge this engine against nature ;
 And if I cannot lay thee low in ruin,
 The powers and dominations shall all tremble ;
 My voice shall ring through all the spheres of the creation,
 My voice shall go from generation to generation,
 Thundering out that thou art not the Father of the world,
 but

EVIL SPIRIT (*suggests*) The Tsar ! !(KONRAD *at this moment totters and falls.*)

FIRST OF THE EVIL SPIRITS.

Strike ! trample !

SECOND OF THE EVIL SPIRITS.

Still he breathes.

FIRST SPIRIT.

He faints, he faints ! let us strangle him ere he recovers.

GOOD SPIRIT.

Back ! He is being prayed for.

EVIL SPIRITS.

Lo ! we are driven away !

The last scene which we shall cite from the *Djady*, is chiefly remarkable for the picture it gives of the persecution of the Polish youth. The correctness of the details have led the Poles to regard its dramatic character with an admiration to which it is perhaps hardly entitled ; though with a foreign reader, the circumstance of the acknowledged accuracy of the portraiture, by an eye-witness, may replace it by as profound an interest. The very episode of the death of the Doctor struck by lightning, beside a pile of roubles extorted from his victims, is literally true, as well as the whole scene in all its details.

*Scene.—Vilna. The apartment of the Russian Senator,
Novosiltzoff.*

Dramatis Personæ.

NOVOSILTZOFF.

GENERAL BAYKOW.

PELIKAN, *rector of the university of Vilna.*

DOCTOR and SERVANTS.

PELIKAN *to the* SENATOR.

Sir Senator, what do you intend to do with Rollison ?

SENATOR.

With Rollison ?

PELIKAN.

Yes, with the political prisoner, who was scourged to day at his examination ?

SENATOR.

Well ?

PELIKAN.

He has fallen ill.

SENATOR (*laughing.*)

Why, how many lashes did he receive ?

PELIKAN.

I cannot say though I was present. They were not counted. It was Mr. Botvinka who presided at his interrogation.

BAYKOW.

Botvinka, was it? Ha! ha! ha! He has had enough of it then, I warrant me. When Botvinka sets to work, I will pound it but he has taken villainous care of him. Let us bet that he was not let off with less than three hundred lashes.

THE SENATOR (*laughing*).

Three hundred lashes! Three hundred lashes without dying? Why what a Jacobinical back! Even with us, cutaneous toughness does not reach so far. The rogue must have a well tanned hide, my friend! ha! ha! ha! ha!

(*Enter a Lacquey, who speaks to the Senator.*)

Sir, will you give audience to these ladies your excellency knows,—those who drive up here every day,—one is blind, and the other——

SENATOR.

Blind! Who is she?

LACQUEY.

Madame Rollison.

PELIKAN.

The mother of the rascal we were talking of.

LACQUEY.

They come daily, sir.

SENATOR.

You should have told them——

DOCTOR.

Go ; and the Lord help you.

LACQUEY.

Yes ; but then she sits down at the door and sobs. We have had her taken up ; but one cannot have a blind woman borne away by force. In fact the crowd was ready to set upon the soldiers. Shall I show her in ?

SENATOR.

What, you are embarrassed how to act in such a case ? I will show you :—Let her get half up the stairs,—you understand me ? Well, then, so—you will kick her all the way down ; and take my word for it, she will not trouble you again. (*Another Lacquey enters, and gives a letter to Baykow.*)

BAYKOW.

She is the bearer of a letter. (*He shows it.*)

SENATOR.

From whom ?

BAYKOW.

Perhaps from the princess.*

* Allusion is probably here made to the Princess of Lovicz.

SENATOR (*reads.*)

From the princess ! and how comes she to saddle us with her ? Show her in. (*Two ladies and the priest Peter are shown in.*)

SENATOR to BAYKOW.

So that old hag is his mother ? (*He turns politely to the ladies.*) Which of you is Madame Rollison ?

MADAME ROLLISON (*in tears*).

I am. Oh, my lord, my son !

SENATOR.

Allow me one moment. You are the bearer of this letter ; but why come to me so many ladies ?

SECOND LADY.

We are only two, sir.

SENATOR.

And what has procured me the honour of your visit, madam ?

SECOND LADY.

Madame Rollison could not find her way alone,—she does not see.

SENATOR.

Oh, she does not see? She finds by the scent then, I suppose; for every day she hunts me out.

SECOND LADY.

It is I who lead her here, sir; she is blind and ailing.

MADAME ROLLISON.

Oh! in Heaven's name!

SENATOR.

Hush! (*To the second lady.*) But what is your name, madam?

SECOND LADY.

Kmit.

SENATOR (*sternly*).

Madame Kmit, you had better stay at home and keep an eye to your own sons. Already some suspicion——

MADAME KMIT.

Oh heavens! what do you mean? (*The Senator laughs heartily at his joke.*)

MADAME ROLLISON.

My lord! in mercy! I am a widow, sir Senator; tell me, is it true that they have murdered him? Oh good

God! have they murdered my son? The abbé says that he still lives, but that he is expiring beneath the lash. My lord! who can have the heart to treat mere children so? Oh mercy! they tell me he is expiring beneath the executioner's hand. (*She sobs aloud.*)

THE SENATOR.

I do not understand you. Speak plainly, woman.

MADAME ROLLISON.

My son! Oh! my lord, I am a widow! how many years of tender watching it takes to rear a child! Already he gave lessons. Every one will tell you how good he was, how well he taught. I am but a poor woman, he supported me with his little earnings. I am blind, and he was eye-sight to me. My lord, I am starving now.

THE SENATOR.

If I can find out who spreads any such false reports, I will take care of him, I warrant you. Who told you, madam, that your son was being tortured?

MADAME ROLLISON.

Who told me? Have I not a mother's ear. And then sir I am blind, and all my soul is in my hearing. Yesterday he was taken to the Town-house. I heard his voice.

THE SENATOR (*to his servants.*)

Fools, did you let her in ?

MADAME ROLLISON.

Oh no, sir ! they drove me from the ante-chamber, from the door, out of the very yard ; but I sat me down outside, against the wall. Against the wall I leaned my ear. I was listening there from day-break. At midnight the city's hum was hushed. I listened still, and at midnight through the wall, I heard his voice ; as sure as there is a God in Heaven, I heard his voice, hollow and hoarse, as if it issued from the bowels of the earth. Oh, through the dense wall, where the most piercing eye could never penetrate, I heard his voice, and they were torturing him.

THE SENATOR.

She talks nonsense. Her head wanders. Why, madam, that place is full of prisoners.

MADAME ROLLISON.

What ! would you tell me that voice was not my child's ? Does not the ewe know well the bleating of her own lamb in the midst of the most numerous flock ? Oh sir ! if that sweet voice had ever rung in your ears as in mine, you would never more know rest.

THE SENATOR.

Your son must be in vigorous health, since he cried out so lustily.

MADAME ROLLISON (*falling on her knees*).

Oh sir! if you have a human heart!

(*At this moment the door opens, and a young woman in a gay ball dress comes to tell the SENATOR that the music is waiting for him in the drawing room.*)

MADAME ROLLISON.

Oh sir! leave me not in my despair, I will not let you go.

(*She siezes his knees.*)

THE LADY.

Why do you not grant her what she wants?

SENATOR.

Curse me if I know what the fury wants of me.

MADAME ROLLISON.

Oh I want to see my son!

SENATOR.

The emperor will not allow it.

MADAME ROLLISON (*to the Lady*).

Oh! my good lady, intercede for me! In the name of the Saviour's wounds, intercede for me! My poor son, he had already been twelve months on bread and water, hungry and naked, in his dark, damp dungeon.

THE LADY.

Is it possible ?

THE SENATOR. (*embarrassed*).

What, already a year ? I really did not know it.—(*To Pelikan.*) You must look into this business, and if it be really so, you must rate the commissioners soundly. (*To Madame Rollison.*) Set your mind at ease, madam, and return at seven o'clock.

MADAME KMIT.

Come, dry your tears, you will shed no more ; you see the Senator did not know your son's position ; he will now look into the affair, and doubtless cause him to be set at liberty.

MADAME ROLLISON.

He did not know of it ! He will now seek out the truth ! may God reward him for it ! Oh no, he is not as cruel as they say. How should he be ? for after all, God made him. He is a man, he had a mother who fed him with her milk.—Oh, they spoke falsehood, I was sure they did.

(*To the Senator.*)

You were then ignorant of what was going on. These assassins concealed it from your knowledge ? Believe me, sir, you have about you a set of monsters. Oh, why not always address yourself to us ? From us you would learn the truth—the whole truth.

THE SENATOR (*smiling.*)

Well, well, we can talk of that hereafter ; to-day I have not time. Fare you well ! Tell the princess I will do for her sake, all that lies in my power. (*politely.*) Good evening, Madame Kmit ; good evening, I will do all that lies in my power. (*Exit Madame ROLLISON and her friend. The Senator severely reprimands his domestics, for having allowed Madame ROLLISON to enter.*

PELIKAN (*to the senator.*)

Well, my lord, what have you really decided about this Rollison ? If he should die

SENATOR.

Then bury him, my friend. I give you leave even to embalm his body, if it please you.

* * * * *

(*The scene has changed to a ball room. Suddenly piercing cries are heard, and the doors are thrown open.*)

MADAME ROLLISON (*at the door.*).

Let me go !

THE SECRETARY.

It is the blind woman again.

A LACQUEY (*without.*).

No, you cannot go in. Bless me how she climbs the stair-case ; how she clings to the bannister. Stop her ! stop her !

ANOTHER LACQUEY.

Stop her ? I cannot hold her.

MADAME ROLLISON.

He is here ! I shall find him out, the drunkard and the tyrant.

THE LACQUEY.

Ah, she is possessed by the devil—a raving maniac !

MADAME ROLLISON.

Where art thou ? ah, I will find thee out, I will crush thy head upon the stones. Tyrant ! my son, my son is dead !

(The unhappy mother has fainted at the conclusion of this scene ; she is supported by the priest Peter, and by a Starost, when a tremendous clap of thunder shakes the walls.)

ALL.

Good God, the lightning has struck the building !

SEVERAL VOICES.

The lightning ! the lightning !

THE PRIEST.

Not here.

One of the company, looking out of the window.

No, but a step from hence, it has struck the corner of the university.

THE SENATOR *advancing to the window.*

Those are the apartments of the Doctor.—Hark, do you not hear the screams of a woman?

A Passer-by in the street, exclaims, laughing.

Ha! ha! ha! The devil has carried him off!

PELIKAN *the rector, who had gone out to see what was the matter, bursts into the room in breathless agitation.*

THE SENATOR.

Our good doctor is hurt?

PELIKAN.

He is killed, blasted by the lightning.—By some unaccountable phenomenon, though there are ten conductors on the roof, the lightning penetrated to him. It has done no further damage,—it has only molten a few piles of roubles beside the desk which he was leaning on. No doubt the metal must have acted as a conductor for the electric fluid.

THE STAROST, *aside.*

There was always danger in these Russian roubles.

CHAPTER III.

CONRAD WALLENRODE.

The Conrad Wallenrode is not entirely a national poem, since only relating to the nationality of that portion of the Polish people contained in Lithuania.

Its object, at the time it was written, was no doubt to inspire his countrymen through the example of Conrad's irreconcilable enmity to the oppressors of his native land, with a similar feeling. But the treachery of Conrad has been censured as being essentially un-Polish in spirit, and one must render the Poles the justice to say, that they have been always more prone to open rebellion than to hidden conspiracy. Even in the most turbulent and lawless period of their history, assassination remained almost unknown; and even recently, when it had been proposed at the time of the emperor's coronation at Warsaw, to rid themselves of the whole im-

perial family, the members of a patriotic association would not resort to such a means.

The scene of Conrad Wallenrode is laid in Lithuania, at the time that the Teutonic knights of the sword were struggling to convert the aboriginal Letti to Christianity, as through the medium of that persuasive instrument, the Lives and Koures of the Baltic provinces were proselytized, or at least reduced to subjection.

Conrad is one of these Letti, or Lithuanians, who has been brought up from his youth by the crusaders who had massacred his parents. An old Lithuanian captive acquaints him with his real origin, and inspires him with sympathy for his countrymen, and with hatred for the Teutons. He escapes with his mentor, and finally marries the beautiful daughter of the Lithuanian king.

Here, where most authors would have terminated the poem, Mitzkiavitch only places its commencement; and, on reflection, we shall find this departure from the natural course, apparently traced out by the construction of his story, to be eminently characteristic of the Polish poet, and of the time in which he writes.

The intrusion of the intolerable woes of his country on the domestic happiness of his hero, must

have found an echo in thousands of Polish hearts. He cannot enjoy this unambitious felicity, because the sword and flame of the sanguinary Teutons comes unsparingly, to rouse even the unresisting.

His bride imagining that a world of unoccupied forests lies before them, proposes that they should fly eastward, and still eastward, as the enemy advances; till Conrad despondingly informs her that the Tartar and the Muscovite will soon in that direction arrest their retreat; and thus driven to despair in the terrible vengeance which he meditates, he returns to the crusaders.

Following some renowned knight to Spain, in combating the Saracens he acquires among the chivalry of that period an illustrious name, in consideration of which, he is received by the Teutonic knights of the sword, and elected their grand master. It is, in fact, with this election that the poem opens; the antecedents of the hero being developed as it proceeds.

Conrad has of course only sought the presidency of the order, to conduce to its eventual confusion and destruction.

The subject of his poem, that of a distinguished champion of a cause obtaining its confidence to betray it, recalls the plot of one of Frederick Soulié's

remarkable fictions, called, I think, the "Comte de Toulouse."

At the time of the barbarous crusade undertaken against the heretics of the south of France, under the command of the famous Simon de Montfort, a knight widely renowned for his valour has just returned from the Holy Land, and is introduced, as he approaches his father's castle, in conversation with his squire, a certain Goldery, half knave and half buffoon. Using the jester's privilege, he ventures to doubt of the existence of his master's castle, knowing what value to place on the asserted possessions of Gascon knights.

They are turning the angle of the road which the knight knows will open a vista of the feudal hold, when lo ! instead of the castle towering on its eminence, nothing meets his eye but the still smoking ruins of the razed building, amongst which several figures flit about in a state of bewilderment. One of these figures proves to be his dying sister, who has been dishonoured by the destroyers of the castle ; another is his aged father, whose tongue has been cut out, and who has been left amidst the dead bodies of his slaughtered vassals. This is the work of the crusading army. The fiery and impetuous knight, face to face with so sudden a misfortune takes his resolution with a calmness which is more

frightful than any violence in a man of his disposition, suffering so irreparable an injury. He goes to the crusades, and submits himself, consenting to have his sword broken, and his spurs chopped off, and to live as a *chevalier faidit*, or a dishonoured knight. This submission appears under the circumstance as incredible to the hesitating crusaders as to the reader. It is with the knight, however, the result of a deeply meditated plan of vengeance, of a diabolical malignity commensurate with his wrong. For this purpose he subsequently acquires the confidence of the crusaders as their champion against his heretic brethren. After the labour of years, when on the point of carrying his terrific projects of vengeance into execution on the family of the unsuspecting Simon de Montfort, he is unaccountably baffled in his attempt, and his intentions are discovered. To avoid the public scandal of exposing the duplicity of one become the right arm of the orthodox faith, his death is reported; and Simon de Montfort, to be revenged in turn, causes him to be bound and gagged so as to deprive him of the power of making the slightest motion, or of uttering the faintest sound; and in this position his living funeral take place amidst all the pomp befitting so distinguished a soldier of the church. The very family of the Montforts, in simulated grief, scatter flowers upon

his pall, and he is left alone in the cathedral of Toulouse, to expire without power of sound or motion.

Nevertheless, he still congratulates himself that there exists a terrible document signed by the unworthy son of de Montfort, whereby consenting to his own father's death, which he still counts on as a terrible means of vengeance when it comes to that leader's knowledge.

The solitude of the cathedral in which he is left to die in so much ceremony, is disturbed by the arrival of Goldery, his page, who lifting the pall, comes to gaze at his master, and to triumph over him. Through him the deeply laid schemes of his lord have been baffled. All the irony of the knight, when he formerly treated the squire as his buffoon, all the blows his irritable and hasty temper had formerly caused him to inflict, long since by him forgotten, had been treasured in the squire's malignant soul. Whilst his master was pursuing his deeply laid schemes of vengeance, Goldery had achieved his own. Through him his master's plans had recoiled on his own head, and the squire had come to enjoy the gratification of taunting him in his last agony, and of destroying his last hope. Drawing forth the damning bond which Montfort's son had signed, he destroys this last

document by burning it to tinder on his master's heart. "The moral of all this," said the squire to the motionless and speechless knight, "is simply, never to make a confidence of your vengeance to another."

"Not even to the dying!" replied a voice behind him, and at that moment he was stretched dead by a descending sword. One of the confederates of the knight's treachery had come into the cathedral to relieve him, but when, having slain the squire, he came to unbind the knight, he found that he too was dead; his heart had burst with the violence of his emotion, when Goldery had burned the bond upon his chest.

In the Conrad Wallenrode, the daughter of the Lithuanian, whom he has abandoned after converting her to christianity, has found her way to Marienburg, the chief seat of the Teutonic knights. There she has caused herself to be walled into a cell in the flank of a tower, divided for ever in this living grave from all the world beyond, by a heavy grating; according to a custom sometimes adopted by ascetics in the middle ages. It is not, however, utterly in despair that the recluse has sought this awful refuge, but because in pursuance of his project of revenge against the Teutonic order, she is aware

that Conrad will some day return to Marienburg ; and accordingly, the new grand master is made nightly to visit her cell, strangely divided betwixt his affection and his hatred.

This woman, voluntarily immured for ever in a hideous cell, calls at once to mind the mother of Esmeralda in Victor Hugo's *Nôtre Dame de Paris*.

Thus the Conrad Wallenrode irresistibly reminds us of the striking features of two remarkable fictions, the *Comte de Toulouse* by Soulié, and the *Nôtre Dame de Paris* by Victor Hugo ; and as it is marked by many inconsistencies, which do not mar the interest of the two latter productions, the Conrad Wallenrode is presented to a western reader under singular disadvantages. In fact, however, it was written several years before either the *Comte de Toulouse* or the *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, though these have become generally known, long before the productions of the Polish poet.

The foundation of the Conrad Wallenrode is partly historical : a grand master of that name, being reproached in the chronicles of the house of Wallenrode with having surreptitiously assumed that character, to accomplish the destruction of the order, he being himself a pagan.

In the fiction, Conrad, after ruining for ever the cause of the Teutonic knights, is judged by the *Vehmgericht*, or secret conclave, and put to death by a body of the knights, exulting in his treachery as he expires.

The grand master, in an earlier part of the poem, in the midst of a revel, sings to his knights a ballad he has learned when combating against the Moors in Spain, which perfectly embodies the spirit of the poem, and the part which the hero is playing. It runs as follows :—

THE MOORISH BALLAD OF THE ALPUJARRA.

Juz w grwzach leza maurow posady
 Narod ich dzwiga zelady
 Bronia sie jeszcze twierdre Grenady
 Ale w Grenadzie Zaraza.

I.

The Moorish towns are in ruins all,
 Their people are led in the Spaniard's thrall ;
 There is only Grenada he cannot win,
 And Grenada's walls hold the plague within.

II.

Almanzor defends Alpujarra's tower,
 With the last of his warriors bold ;

The town itself 's in the Spaniard's power,
And to-morrow they storm its strong-hold.

III.

The day-light dawns, the cannon roars,
The rampart wall gives way ;
The cross above the minarets soars,
And Spain has won the day.

IV.

Almanzor from the murderous fight,
Through serried spears and sabres bright,
Alone, his safety finds in flight.

V

The conqueror now in the midst of the dead,
On the ruins his festive table has spread ;
Drown'd in wine, as he rests from his toil,
He divides the captives, and deals out the spoil.

VI.

Whilst the spoil and the wine is handed about,
The guard doth intelligence bring,
That a stranger with tidings is waiting without ;
The stranger is Almanzor, the Moorish king,
Who has come at the close of this bloody day,
His life at the feet of the victor to lay.

VII.

“ Spaniards ! behold on your threshold, how,
Prostrate and humble I sink to the sod ;
How to the faith of your prophets I bow ;
How lowly I bend down to worship your God.

VIII.

“ Know all the world how a monarch bold,
With his victors kneels as a brother,
And himself a king, consents to hold
As a vassal his life from another.”

IX.

When the valorous prince they recognise,
One and all the Spaniards rise ;
Their chief in his arms doth enlace him,
The rest with joy and with rapturous surprise,
In martial friendship embrace him.

X

Almanzor embraces each in turn,
Nor one of the crowd he misses,
But doth then to the chieftain's arms return,
Pressing his hand with palms which burn,
And covering his lips with kisses.

XI.

Then his pallid lip, and livid cheek,
Strike all with terror and surprise ;
Ghastly he smiles as he strives to speak,
And the blood rushes up to his glaring eyes.

XII.

“ Ye Giaours accursed ! I charge ye let
Your eyes repose on my visage pale,
As it changes from blue to violet ;
You are all deceived by a specious tale ;—
I come from Grenada,—I come and bring
The poisonous plague, black and withering.

XIII.

“ Caught from my kisses, into your veins
Already the venom doth glow ;
Note well my torments ! mark well my pains !
One and all ye are doom'd to die so ! ”

XIV.

He writhes, he shrieks !
He spreads his arms wide.
In his last throes he seeks
That death shall not divide,
From an embrace eternal,
The foe at his side ;
And he laughs a laugh infernal !

XV.

He laughed and died.
The unclosed lid, the lip, grown rigid,
Still looks as if to laugh it tried,
Though now for ever fixed and frigid.

XVI.

He died, but o'er the host of Spain,
Its wing avenging Djuma* waves,
And few can ever reach to graves
Beyond the Alpujarra's chain.

Though this poem is one of the most celebrated amongst his countrymen, it is far from being the most beautiful of the author's productions, or indeed from resembling in spirit his other writings. It has been also translated into English by Leon Jablonowski, and published in Edinburgh, in 1841, —which would be of itself a reason for not dwelling at greater length upon the poem.

It must not, however, be imagined that it contains nothing but images overstrained, gloomy, and terrible; as in all this poet's compositions, there are scattered through it, passages full of beauty and pathos.

* The black plague.

There is in particular the last scene between the grand master and the recluse, in which he tries to persuade her to violate her vow, and fly with him from her voluntary dungeon. She answers :

“ If, yielding to thy entreaties, I were mad enough to leave these walls, to throw myself with delight into thy arms,—thou wouldst not recognise, nor embrace me ; but, turning away thy sight with disgust, wouldst ask,— ‘ Is this hideous wretch my Aldona ? ’ ”

* * * * *

“ No ! never let the wretchedness of the recluse disfigure the features of the beautiful Aldona as they still live in thy memory.

“ Pardon me, my beloved ! but I myself confess, that when I hear thy voice, and the moon beams brightly, I retire so as not to see thee too closely.

“ Thou, too, perhaps, art changed from what thou wert when years ago arriving at our castle ; yet in my heart thy first image has been preserved unchangeable,—the same in eyes, in feature, in thy garb and gait,—just like a beauteous butterfly ; which, imbedded in a piece of amber, remains for ever bright.”

* * * * *

There is also the song of Halban, of which we quote a few stanzas from Jablonowski's translation :

The Wilia queen, amongst her rushing daughters,
Has sands of gold and waves of deepest blue :
The Lithuanian girl who draws her waters,
Has heart yet purer, lips yet fresher too.

* * * * *

The Wilia scorns the valley's loveliest flowers ;
To seek her cherished Niemen she flows on ;
The fair girl wearies 'midst her country's wooers,
For a young stranger's love her heart hath won.

* * * * *

'Tis vain to warn the heart or the swift river ;—
The young girl loves,—the Wilia onwards sweeps,—
Within her Niemen Wilia is lost for ever,—
Within her lonely tower the young girl weeps.


CHAPTER IV.

THE PHARIS; OR, THE KNIGHT-ERRANT OF THE
DESERT.

BY MITZKIAVITCH (MICKIEWICZ.)

Ah ! who can tell the delight of the Arab, when descending from the rock into the plain, he spurs his steed through the desert sands, in which its hoofs sink with the sound of red-hot steel dipped into hissing water ?— Behold him swim over that barren ocean, breasting its dry waves dolphin-like. On ! on ! already he seems scarcely to touch the sand as he skims over it, On ! on ! he is enveloped in a cloud of dust.

My charger is as dark as a stormy cloud. Upon his forehead gleams a star, fair as the star of morning. He spreads to the winds his plummy mane, and his white feet seem to lighten as they move. Fly ! fly ! my gallant white-foot ! Forests and mountains make ye way before



us ! In vain the green palm-tree offers us its shade, I tear myself away. The palm-tree in its oasis seems to laugh with its rustling leaves at my rashness.

The guardian rocks of the desert's border scowl on me with their dark and gloomy brows, and echoing the sounds of my charger's hoof, seem to threaten thus :

"Insensate ! whither speeds he ? Where his head will find no shelter against the shafts of the sun, neither beneath the green-haired palm-tree, nor under the white shadowing tent. There whereunto he is speeding he will find no tent but the sky, no sojourners but the rocks, no voyagers but the stars." Still I fly ! I fly ! I turn back my glance, and the rocks seem as if in shame, they hid one behind the other.

But a vulture has heard their threats. Thinking to prey upon me in the desert, it sails through the air upon my trace. Thrice hath it described a crown around my head in its gyrations.

"I snuff !" screams the vulture, "I snuff a corpse-like odour. Oh rash horseman ! oh rash steed ! doth the rider seek a path, or his courser the pasturage ? The wind alone hath here its path, and the ground gives food to nothing but the serpent. Dead bodies alone find rest, vultures only travel here.

As the bird screams, it threatens me with its shining talons. Thrice our eyes have met, and which of us shrinks back affrighted ?—It is the vulture.

On! on! I fly! and as I turn back my glance, the vulture is far behind me, suspended in the clouds, now the size of a sparrow, now of a butterfly, then of a gnat, at last effaced as it melts in the blue sky.

On! on! my gallant white-foot, ye rocks and vultures make us way!

But a cloud has heard the threats of the vulture. Spreading its white wings across the azure vault of heaven, it pursues me. That cloud seeks to speed as lightly through the skies as I do over the earth's surface. Sweeping above my head, such is the threat it whistles out with the wind.

Insensate, whither speeding? Where the heat will split his bosom, where no cloud will wash with its rain his head covered with a burning dust, where no streamlet will call him with its silvery voice, where never a drop of dew will reach him, for before it falls an arid blast will have caught it as it flies.

In vain it threatens me,—on, on I fly,—the wearied cloud begins to quiver in the heaven,—it hangs its head and rests it on a rock. When I turn back to look, the whole horizon is between us, yet I scan in its aspect what is passing in its thought. First reddening with anger, then turning yellow with envy, it becomes at length dark as a corpse, and buries itself behind the rocks.

Fly, fly my gallant white-foot! ye vultures and clouds, make way before us!

Now, like the sun, I look around the horizon, and I am alone.

Here slumbering nature has never been wakened yet by man. The elements sleep here in their repose around me, like animals which in a new-discovered isle fly not from man's first glance.

And yet, oh Allah ! I am not the first to tread these solitudes,—I am not alone. Afar, I see a whole host glitter in an entrenched camp of sand,—are they travellers, or robbers watching for the traveller ? How white are those horsemen,—how fearfully white their steeds !—I draw nigh, but they make no motion,—I challenge them, and they reply not.

Oh Allah ! they are the wreck of living things. It is a caravan, long since overwhelmed, which the winds have unburied from the sand. On the skeletons of camels sit the skeletons of Arabs. Through the holes where once were eyes, and through the fleshless jaws the sand streams liquidly, and seems to murmur out a threat.

“ Whither speeding ? To meet the simoom ? ” But still on, on I fly ! make way ye skeletons and ye simooms !

The simoom,—the terrible simoom of Africa,—is wandering alone upon the ocean of sand, and perceives me from afar ; it pauses in astonishment, and rolls upon itself, saying :

“ Which of the young winds my brother is this, who with so frail a stature, and a flight so slow, dares thus intrude in my hereditary deserts ? ”

And with a roar it rushes towards me, like a moving pyramid. Finding that I am a mortal, and yield not, it stamps in fury on the ground, scattering devastation throughout half Arabia.

It seizes on me, as a vulture on a sparrow, and it strikes me with its whirlwind wings ; it burns me with its scorching breath, it lifts me up into the air, and casts me down upon the sand !

CHAPTER V.

THE INFERNAL COMEDY,

BY COUNT KRASINSKI;

WITH COMMENTARIES BY MITZKIAVITCH.

THE *Infernal Comedy*, by Krasinski, is one of the most remarkable productions, not only of the Slavonic muse, but of modern literature.

Wild, weird, and mystic, it can only be classed with the *Manfred* of Byron, the *Faust* of Göethe, or the *Dzjady* of Mitzkiavitch.

There is no great aptness in the title of *Infernal Comedy*, in mere contradistinction to the *Divina Comedia* of Dante. In form it is irregular, in execution unequal, and at times obscure, but filled at others with sublimity, and full of grandeur in its conception as a whole.

This composition has been criticised by Mitzkiavitch himself; the only other living, and indeed

the only Polish poet who can be compared to Krasiński. No apology need therefore be offered for quoting largely from such a commentator throughout this notice.

“The time, place, and personages of this poem,” he observes, “are all essentially of poetic creation. The time has not yet arrived—it is to come. The poet has placed his drama in the future. For the first time an author has attempted to create a prophetic drama, to describe scenes and to bring forward characters which do not yet exist, to relate actions which are still to happen.”

The poet supposes the world to be, somewhere about the year two thousand, divided into two vast camps. On the one side has found refuge, all the wreck of an outworn civilization, grown decrepid in its egotism,—with all its old institutions, usages, and traditions,

Princes, priests, nobles, capitalists, and men of science, without the virtues, but with all the narrow views and vices of their respective castes, are assembled beneath the banner of the past, whose associations keep them still together, though its spirit has departed.

On the other side are gathered the long oppressed and suffering millions and masses of mankind.

Full of strength, energy brutality, and savage disgust, they are animated by an irreconcilable enmity to every form and institution connected with society as it was. These *new men*, as they are called, have risen to overwhelm the *old or dead world*, as it is denominated by the poet; and they have swept away all vestiges of the past, with its customs, laws, and prejudices, from every portion of the earth, excepting one remote corner of Poland. Here the last relics of the world of former days still make a desperate stand under the guidance of Count Henry, the hero of the drama, and the son of a long line of illustrious sires—a man whose intellect would lead him to turn willingly from the lifeless form of things that were into a career of progress, but whose feelings and whose recollections connect him indissolubly with the past.

The men of the new world—the coarse, brawling, active communists,—the waves of the social deluge, which has submerged nearly all the earth, are blindly directed by a terrible leader, called Pancrates.

“This man of the people,” says Mitzkiavitch, “this leader of the society of a new era, is drawn in a masterly manner. The poet has been happy in seizing the negatives of the revolutionary tendencies of modern Europe. These tendencies he has

identified in the person of one individual ; an individual called only to destroy. He is gifted with nothing but intellect. It need not be observed, that all the reforms of this last century sprung from the camp of the philosophers. This man of powerful intellect has succeeded in obtaining unbounded authority ; but is, according to the poet, inaccessible to all the feelings of humanity. His very physiognomy accords with such a character. His broad high forehead—his bald head—his cold and impassible eye, and his features which never relax into a smile, recal to one's recollection the portraiture of some personage of the Reign of Terror. He is called Pancrates, because in Greek this name implies the concentration of brute strength of every kind. *κραταια*, in all its derivations, signifies an outward material strength, just as *μεγιστα* indicates internal force."

This Pancrates—a sort of compound of Cromwell, Danton, and Robespierre,—full of confidence in his power to destroy, doubts sometimes of himself, when he reflects on the re-edification of a new social structure.

"The reader may be reminded of the doubts of all those men, who driven only by fatality, have achieved great things : Cromwell was anxious

to conceal the doubts which constantly assailed him. This is why he sought so often to see Charles the First whilst living, and descended into the vault to visit him in his coffin, and to contemplate the physiognomy of the man whose death he had occasioned. Danton is well known to have uttered terrible self-reproaches. And I remember to have read, in the memoirs of Robespierre, that at the period of his utmost power, he was annoyed because he could not convince his cook-maid of its extent, and especially of its duration. These men, sent by Providence only to destroy, bear within themselves the gnawing worm, which announces to them in the form of a vague presentiment, their own destruction."

Pancrates is a Communist and Pantheist. Count Henry, adhering to the dead and withered institutions of the past, remains true to the undying faith of his fathers. The poet, whilst he draws the characters of the two leaders full of grandeur, depicts in equally sombre colours both their camps. When he describes the coarse brutality of the triumphant masses, the reader cannot help thinking them vigorously painted by the prejudices of a hater of the people; but when in turn the *men of the dead world* are

brought upon the scene, they are made to appear so contemptible and odious that he can only conclude the writer to be a cynist. Such is not, however, the case; *The Infernal Comedy* has a profoundly religious tendency, which is clearly developed in the catastrophe of the drama.

Whilst all Polish poetry of the present day is characterised by reflecting the national feeling, it is notwithstanding, strongly affected by the individuality of the poet. Just as we discern something of the sufferings and hopes of the nation in the tone of the composition, so it conveys much of the history of the poet's mind.

The author of *The Infernal Comedy*, a scion of one of the most illustrious Polish families, is at the same time the son of the most unpopular man in Poland. Vincent Krasinski, who had formerly commanded the Polish lancers of Napoleon's army, famous for the celebrated charge on the heights of the Somo Sierra, was a member of the senate of the kingdom of Poland, which under the presidency of Bielinski, at the commencement of the reign of Nicholas, acquitted the Polish conspirators implicated in the rebellion of Pestel and Troubetskoi.

This assembly was unanimous in its decision,

with the exception of one voice, and that voice was Krasinski's. Branded by his country as a traitor, it was with difficulty that, in the subsequent revolution, he escaped with his life; and his son, whose sympathies were patriotic, found himself unjustly, but indignantly repulsed from all fraternity with his countrymen, in their ill-fated struggle for independence.

The estimation in which the drama is held, notwithstanding the cruel prejudice of which he is, or was the victim, speaks loudly as to its merits.

Whilst his liberal tendencies, and patriotic feeling, render all compromise with the foreign despotism weighing on his country repulsive to him, he has not been frankly admitted into the ranks of the patriots; and having thus no reason to view either party with undue partiality, he has fallen into the opposite extreme of drawing both with bitterness and exaggeration, and has accustomed himself to look beyond the pale of any political opinions, to a purely religious influence, for a solution of the national and social question. In fact, the last of Krasinski's publications—a book of psalms—is said plainly to exhort his countrymen to a religious war.


To return, however, to his *Infernal Comedy*: the first portions of it are devoted to a developement

of the character of his hero, whom he first introduces to the reader in the retirement of his domestic life, and in the midst of his domestic sorrows. As a Pole, he has placed the scene in Poland,—but Poland long since independent, and restored to its integrity, as every Pole would consider it blasphemy to doubt that it will be, long before the year 2000.

“There is, however, no local colouring to indicate this,” says Mitzkiavitch; “what points it out to us as Polish, is the fearful contrast exhibited between the condition of the nation, (felt and implied rather than seen,) and the character of the personages introduced.

“All those which figure in this drama, at another epoch in another country, would have proved useful or agreeable members of society; but brought forward in the midst of a nation laden with all the weight of a painful past, and from the bosom of which so strange a future is to burst forth—these personages enveloped in their respective prejudices, with their narrow views of things, and contracted judgments, strike us as living caricatures.

“In the midst of this society, a man is presented to us, whose mind belongs to the future, and who is endowed with greatness, fire and energy of soul. He



seeks to penetrate the secrets of providence; he can no longer breathe in the atmosphere of commonplace life, and thus he sheds a sinister light on all surrounding him.

* * * * *

“He is a poet in the vulgar acceptance of the word, because the vulgar confer the epithet of poet on every man who leaves the common rut in his progress along the road of life, or who shapes his actions by a sublimer truth than that which the vulgar recognise as the law governing their daily actions.”

At length Count Henry marries. The poet espouses the past in the person of a woman, kind, gentle, pious, but who cannot comprehend him. When he says to her enthusiastically, “Thou shalt now be the living song of my life!” she answers placidly:—“I will always be to thee a submissive and faithful wife, as my mother has taught me, and my heart dictates that I should be.”

He lives with her for months and years an ordinary and commonplace life. His soaring spirit is fettered. In his person he renews the old story of Prometheus bound. At length, however, he is roused :

THE HUSBAND.

Since the day of my nuptials I have done nothing but eat and sleep. I have lived a life of idleness, I have slept the heavy sleep of German journeymen.

I have spent my time in paying visits to our relatives ; in accompanying my wife to make her purchases, in seeking out a nurse. (*The clock strikes midnight.*)

Oh ! come come ! return to me, ye former populous kingdoms of my fancy, so full of life and of variety, so obedient to my thought ! This is the witching time of night, at which formerly I was wont to ascend my throne !

* * * * *

THE WIFE.

To-day and yesterday have passed—a week—a month has flown by, and you have not, I believe, so much as once addressed me ! Everyone tells me how ill I look.

THE HUSBAND.

You are not ill, I hope ?

THE WIFE.

That is indifferent to you. How should you see whether I look ill or well,—you turn aside your head whenever I appear, or you cast down your eyes ;—I have just returned from confession ; I have mentally thought

over all my sins, and I cannot conceive in what I have offended you.

THE HUSBAND.

You have not offended me.

THE WIFE.

Oh God !

THE HUSBAND.

Indeed I feel that I ought to love you.

THE WIFE.

That saying that *you ought* is the last blow ;—rise up and say *I do not love you !* Then at least I shall know the worst. But oh, do not abandon this child, let me alone suffer from your anger ! but this child, Henry, this child is yourself !

At this moment a vision of the ideally beautiful such as his fancy had formerly conjured up and personified, appears to him and beckons him away, and thrusting back his imploring wife, he says :—

“ Grovelling child of clay ! be not envious, blaspheme not ! That which I follow is the ideal, after which God conceived your sex, which letting itself be deceived by the serpent, has become that which thou art !”

The neglect of the husband, and his cold contempt prey on the mind and spirits of the wife, she

is led keenly to feel her inferiority, and the want of genius which leaves her hopelessly in an inferior order, without the pale of his love and sympathy. At the subsequent christening of her child, she awakens from her sad reverie to say,—

“ I bless thee, oh my child ! may the angel of poesy watch over thee, and inspire thee, that so thy father may love thee ! ”

“ At this christening are introduced the friends, the godfather, and the priest. It is an admirable portraiture of a society decomposing and tending towards its end. He who should represent its spiritual principle, the priest, plays but an insignificant part : he is only an automaton, a thing which signs the cross, and recites a hacknied formula of prayer. He has not understood the relative positions of that husband, whose mind is irresistibly drawn towards the future, who has still a long career to pursue, and of his wife, whose suffering spirit is enthralled by the past. He has not sought to bring them together. He has not looked with a spiritual eye on that cradled child, whose character and destiny its father has already comprehended.

The priest jogs on, indifferent, and unconscious

of the impending struggle betwixt the past and future.

The Count himself, the chief actor in this story, so accessible to the most profound impressions, and so given to commune with things superior, is intended as the representative of the past. He aspires indeed, towards the future, but he is still of this present world, which yields beneath his footsteps, because God in illumining his reason has not inspired his heart, but left it cold."

Having left his wife in her brooding melancholy one day, the Count returns. He asks of her servant.

Where is your mistress ?

THE SERVANT.

My lord, the lady Countess is not well.

THE COUNT.

Not well ! why she is not in her apartment ?

THE SERVANT.

The Countess is out.

THE COUNT.

Where is she then ?

THE SERVANT.

She left yesterday.

THE COUNT.

And whither is she gone ?

THE SERVANT.

To a mad-house.

THE COUNT.

Oh, it is impossible ! Mary, surely you only hide to frighten me ? say only that you are doing so to punish me ! Oh God ! it would be too horrible.

No, there is no one ! The house is deserted ! She to whom I had vowed fidelity and happiness, I have then driven, whilst living, into a sojourn of the damned. All that I touch seems to wither,—I will destroy myself. Hell has surely cast me up to mirror it on earth !

Oh, on what a pillow does she recline her head to-day ! What sounds at this moment greet her ear ! The howling of the maniacs ! That calm and placid brow, which seemed to smile in the face of nature, is darkened now. Striving to follow me into wild deserts with her thoughts, she has bewildered them !

(He hurries to the mad-house to seek out his wife)

The ensuing scene is intimately connected with the working of the drama. The society of the

period, monotonous and cold, though apparently happy, is represented as really on the point of breaking up.

“ This mistrust of the future, which the poet shows us in the mad-house, already troubling and agitating it, resembles those springs upon volcanic hills, which become turbid before the eruption. The cries and expressions of the maniacs resemble those columns of smoke which escape from the creviced sides of the volcano. All the most disordered, hideous, and diabolical features of the new and coming world, are represented as existing in the germ, amongst these raving madmen.

“ There are voices from the left, and from the right, which represent political parties ; and voices from above and below, which represent religious parties, and the actual feeling of society.”

Voice from the right.

You have dared to bind your Creator, to crucify Jesus Christ.

Voice from the left.

To the guillotine ! *à la lanterne*, hang up all kings and nobles !

Voice from the right.

Kneel ! kneel ! I am your legitimate sovereign !!

(These exclamations are overheard from the patient's chamber.)

THE COUNT.

Mary, do you not know me ?

THE WIFE.

I will always be faithful to thee.

THE COUNT

Come, take my hand, and let us leave this place.

THE WIFE.

Oh no, I cannot ;—my soul has left my body ; I feel it all concentrated in my brain.

THE COUNT.

Come, the carriage waits us.

THE WIFE.

No, leave me ; I shall be worthy of thee bye and bye.

THE COUNT.

What do you mean ?

THE WIFE.

Since I have lost thee, a change has come over me ; I have cried out to the Lord,—I have offered a taper

on the altar of our Lady of the Purification, and on the third day I awakened the creative intellect of genius. Now thou wilt no longer slight me ; thou wilt not leave me to-night, is it not so ?

THE COUNT.

Neither by night nor day.

THE WIFE.

See, am I not now thy equal in power ? It is given me to understand all things, to find inspiration ; and I can burst forth in words and songs of triumph. I will sing of the seas, of the thunder, of the firmament, of the stars, and of the storms. But there is a strange word troubles me. . . . the struggle. Oh, let me see,—lead me where I may witness that struggle.

THE COUNT.

Come, will you not see your child ?

THE WIFE.

Oh ! my child is not here,—it has flown away ;—I gave it wings,—I have sent it through the universe to imbue itself with all that is beautiful, and great, and terrible ; and when it returns, it will understand thee.

(The voices of the patients without intrude again.)

A voice from the left.

I have slain three monarchs : ten are left, and that may not be..... There are some hundred priests too remaining ; I hear them at their mass.

THE WIFE.

Oh ! what an atrocious amusement !

THE COUNT.

True.

THE WIFE.

What would happen if God should become mad too ? Each worm would cry out, I am God, and one after another perish in its pride ; so would the comets perish, so the sun. Then even the Saviour could no longer save. Behold him take into his hands the cross, and cast it into the abyss. Hearest thou that cross, the hope of the wretched ? Hark ! how it crashes as it bounds from star to star, and scatters through the universe the fragments of its wreck !

There is but the Holy Virgin who still prays, and the stars, her servitors, remain faithfully to her ; but she too will go whither the whole universe is going.

THE COUNT.

You suffer ?

THE WIFE.

Oh yes! I feel as if an oscillating lamp were suspended in my brain,—'tis insupportable.

At length the wife dies in her husband's arms, and of this fated family there remains only a child, destined to die prematurely,—a child whose vivid imagination has destroyed its physical strength.

* * * * *

This drama is not intended for representation,—it contains descriptions and discourses.

Child, why neglect thy toys and dolls? King of the flies and butterflies, the intimate of Pulchinello, what mean thy blue eyes so downcast, yet so bright and pensive, though thou hast only seen the flowers of so few springs? Already dost thou bow thy young brow down, and lean it on thy hand as if in reverie, and thy little head seems filled with thoughts as a flower with morning dew.

When shaking thy fair curls aside, thou lookest up to Heaven, tell me what seest thou there, and with whom dost thou converse? for then thy little brow becomes clouded. Thy mother weeps, and deems thou dost not love her; thy little cousins, and thy friends, are hurt that thou neglectest them; thy father alone says nothing, he looks on gloomily, and silently, till his eyes fill with tears, which he suppresses and turns back into his soul.....

And yet thou growest and becomest fair, though

without youth's freshness,—without the delicate whiteness of milk,—the blush of the red strawberry. Thy beauty is the beauty of mysterious thought, which breathes upon thy brow, like the shadow of a world invisible; and though the lustre of thy eye is sometimes dimmed,—though thy cheek is sometimes pale,—thy little bosom oppressed, still all who meet thee, pause, and observe, “How beautiful a child!”

If a flower when it begins to fade, had a sparkling soul, a breath of Heaven to animate it,—if on each of its petals earthwards borne, there weighed, instead of a drop of dew, an angelic thought, then such a flower would resemble thee, fair child!

The next scene is where the Count leads his child to pray on the grave of its mother. Here the first traces of incipient insanity, inherited from its parent, are discovered with singular truth and pathos, in its wild and beautiful departure from the formula of its usual prayer, the Roman Catholic “Ave Maria,” derived from the salutation of the angel Gabriel to the mother of the Redeemer, and running—

Hail Mary! full of grace; our Lord is with thee,—blessed art thou amongst women, &c.

THE FATHER.

Take off your hat, and pray for the repose of your mother's soul.

THE CHILD.

Hail Mary! full of grace! queen of the spring,
and of the flowers.

THE FATHER.

What do you say?—do you forget your prayers?

THE CHILD.

Hail Mary! Queen of angels! When thou traversest
the heavens, each angel plucks a feather from its glitter-
ing wings, and scatters it upon thy path.

THE FATHER.

George! you are growing mad.

THE CHILD.

Oh, these thoughts assail me;—they ring through my
brain, and I must speak them out.

THE FATHER.

Rise! God does not accept such prayers. Alas!
you never knew your mother, how can you love her?

THE CHILD.

Oh, but I often see her!

THE FATHER.

Where, my child?

THE CHILD.

In my dreams;—that is to say, the moment I fall asleep,—for instance, yesterday....

THE FATHER.

Child, what are you talking of?

CHILD.

Oh, yes, I saw her ! She is pale and very wan.

THE FATHER.

Did she speak to you ?

THE CHILD.

She was all in white, and said,—“Still I wander, still I penetrate amidst the song of angels, and the music of the spheres, and for thee I gather forms and harmonies. Oh my child, from the higher and inferior spirits I borrow melodies and sounds, shadows and rays for thee, so that thy father may love thee.

THE FATHER.

Can it be that the last thoughts of the dying follow them into eternity?—are there blest spirits—for assuredly she is blest—are there then blest spirits touched with earthly madness ?

"I know of nothing," says Mitzkiavitch, "more painful than this drama. Its author could only have sprung from a nation which had suffered centuries long. On this account, it is eminently Polish.

"Grief in this poem, is not expressed in pompous phrases ;—I can cite no tirades from it ;—its incidents are only shadowed out. All this lugubrious drama of domestic life, is really contained in about a hundred lines. It is as it were related in the space of a single page, but every word therein recorded, is a concentrated drop, extracted from a mass of suffering and of sorrow. Its personages pass like the reflections of a magic lantern,—we see their profile—seldom more. They leave only a few passing words ; but in weighing and examining these it is easy to complete the intended image."

The child is afterwards struck with blindness, and there follows a consultation between the godfather, the godmother, and the doctor.

"This scene recalls that passage of Shakespeare, wherein Lady Macbeth, after committing the murder, walks about in her sleep, attempting to wash her hands. It is rendered more terrible still, by the contrast offered by the doctor, who

watches the malady, and judges quite professionally.

* * * * *

“Whilst the father seeks to penetrate the degrees of Providence, and asks God how and when his child can have merited such a punishment, the doctor is admiring the strength of the muscles and nerves of the poor child’s eyes, which he has just pronounced to be stricken with blindness; and he complacently asks the father whether he would not like to know the scientific name of this infirmity, which is called *amaurosis*.

“One humble personage alone, is shown full of kindness; a woman, a servant girl, who falls upon her knees, and prays to the Holy Virgin that she will take out her eyes, and restore them to the poor blind child. But this is a daughter of the people, amongst whom traditions of feeling have been handed down.”

At length the social storm has burst forth in all its fury,—the well-springs of society broken up, have overwhelmed the world; there is only one town in which its wreck is gathered beneath the banner of Count Henry, and under the protection of his ancestral castle, which is already beleaguered by the multitude.

Pancrates, the all-powerful, — the sovereign

master of the new world, demands admission to converse with the count. He is astonished that there should exist upon earth, any one who does not fear him, or who has retained a real faith in the traditions of the former world.

“Pancrates is curious to carry his scrutiny into the very soul of such a man ;—for the repose of his conscience he is rather anxious to convert than to destroy him. It will be understood, that he must feel uneasy as long as there exists a being capable of resisting his ideas. The Count himself is awaiting this interview with his terrible enemy.”

The theatre represents an old feudal castle, and the scene opens with the following monologue.

THE COUNT discovered in a Gothic hall, hung round with ancestral portraits, trophies, and banners.

Of old, at this same hour, in the midst of a like danger, and inspired by thoughts like mine, the last Brutus saw his evil genius ! I am awaiting here a similar visitation ; —I shall soon be face to face with a man who has no father,—who is without a name,—without a guardian angel,—one sprung from nothingness ; but who may become the founder of a new era, unless I can crush him back into the nothingness from whence he springs.

Oh, my ancestors ! inspire me with the spirit which gave you the world's dominion ; and in my bosom plant your lion hearts ! Let the austerity of your unyielding brows be pictured on my care-worn temples ! Oh let your vivid faith in Christ and his Church—your blind and burning faith—the main-spring of mighty deeds—be such lighted up again in me, so that I may waste with sword and flame these sons of the soil !—I ! who am the son of a hundred generations,—the last heir in spirit of your faults and virtues !

A SERVANT.

Please your excellency, the person expected waits without.

THE COUNT.

Let him enter.

“ This scene,” says Mitzkiavitch, “ recalls an historic anecdote. Charles the Twelfth, after having vanquished and dethroned Augustus, king of Poland, had the courage to visit him alone in the castle of Dresden, without consulting his counselors ; and to the great surprise of his mortal enemy, who nevertheless allowed him to retire unharmed,—“ a forbearance which was perhaps as much the result of astonishment as of generosity, as conjectured either by Charles, or by one of his

followers, who observed, when spurring away from the walls,—“ Let us wager that they are holding council now on what they ought to have done yesterday.”

Enter PANCRATES.

Hail! Sir Count! That title of Count sounds strangely from my lips. (*He sits unbidden.*)

THE COUNT.

I thank you for your confidence in the penates of this feudal hall. True to old national customs, I drink health and happiness to you. (*Offers him the cup.*)

PANCRATES (*looking round him.*)

If I am not in error, these emblems red and blue, in the language of the departed world are called coats of arms. Already these baubles are disappearing from the earth.

THE COUNT.

God willing, they will be soon restored to it.

PANCRATES.

That is what I call answering like a gentleman of the olden time—always positive. Full of pride and obstinacy, and puffed up with hopes, though without money, arms, or warriors. Feigning a faith in God, because

without faith longer in themselves. Why do you not let me see something of those thunders which you threaten to launch at my devoted head? Are legions of angels to descend and make us raise this siege? where are they then?

THE COUNT.

You are jesting. Atheism is a hacknied formula. I had hoped something less stale from you.

PANCRATES.

My formula is more vast and mighty than your own. The cry of agony and despair of millions of men,—the misery of the poor,—the sufferings of all humanity fettered in its prejudices,—exhausted by its doubts and fears, and chained down to its bestial habits. Such is the symbol of my faith. My God of the present hour is my own thought, and that power which will achieve for mankind glory,—give it bread.

THE COUNT.

And my strength I derive from Him who conferred power on my fathers.

PANCRATES.

Yet you have rather served the Devil. But let us leave these discussions to theologians, if there be any left. Let us come to the point, sir Count.

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F

THE COUNT.

What seekest thou of me, Saviour of nations, Citizen-god?

PANCRAATES.

I have come, because I longed to know thee, and that I wish to save thee.

THE COUNT.

Thanks for thy first intention. As to my safety, believe me, I shall find it in this sword.

PANCRAATES.

Your God! your sword! Chimeras! millions of anathemas already menace—myriads of threatening arms surround you. What have you to oppose to them? Some scanty acres, which will scarce afford you graves. And how resist? Where is your artillery, where are your stores? Above all, where is the valour on which you may rely? If I were in your place I know how I should act.

THE COUNT.

Go on, I listen,—you see with how much patience.

PANCRAATES.

Well, were I count Henry, I should say to Pancrates, Let us make peace; I disband my army, and I keep my titles and estates, of which you, Pancrates, guarantee me the possession. What is your age?

THE COUNT.

I am six-and-thirty.

PANCRACTES.

Fifteen years more of life at the utmost. Men of your stamp do not last long. As for your child, it is nearer to its grave than to its manhood. One exception may be tolerated without prejudice. Remain, therefore, last of the counts, reign over your possessions peaceably, cause portraits of your ancestors to be painted, sculpture their coats of arms and shields according to your pleasure, only give up the wretches of your caste, making way for the justice of the people.—I drink to your health, last of your order !

THE COUNT.

Thy words are insults ;—Dost thou think to attach me to thy triumphal car ? Enough, Pancrates ! I cannot answer thee fittingly. The providence of my plighted word protects thee.

PANCRACTES.

Thy knightly word ! thy knightly honour, forsooth ! Thou art unrolling there a faded rag which is scarce discernible, contrasted with the gorgeous colours of the banner of mankind.—Yes, now I know and curse thee. Full of life, thou art voluntarily wedded to a corpse ! Thou seekest vainly to believe in castes, in relics, in a

country ! But in thy inmost heart thou knowest well that thy fellows have deserved to perish—to perish and to be forgotten !

THE COUNT.

And you and yours, what have you deserved ?

PANCRAATES.

Life and victory ! I know only one law to which I bow, that law by which the world passes from one sphere to another. It is destructive of your existence. It tells you through my mouth, “ Oh you all—old, corrupt, and bloated, filled to satiety, with meat and drinks, and with destroying worms ; make way for the young, the hungry, and the healthy ! But I wish to save thee, and thee only.

THE COUNT.

Now Heaven confound thy pity ! I know thee, thou and thy followers. I have penetrated to thy camp by night, I have noted well the revels of the multitude, whose head thou usest as thy footstool ; I have recognised amongst it all the crimes of the old world dressed up anew, singing to a new tune, but one which will end in the old chorus—flesh and blood !

But thou wert not amongst them, thou didst not design to commingle with thy own children, because thou despisest them at heart. Wait only awhile, and if thou becomest not mad thou wilt despise thyself.

PANCRACTES.

My world, it is true, is not yet developed in its reality. The giant child has not attained its growth, it still wants to be fed and cherished. But the time will come, when having grown self-conscious, it will say, I am ; and there will not be throughout the universe an other voice to echo,—I am too !

Here Pancrates draws an inviting picture of the happiness of this future world, according to well-known Pantheistic ideas ; or at least all who have read the publications of the *Fourierists* and *Saint-Simonians*, will easily form an idea of the state of things which Pancrates dreams, and here depicts, terminating his description with these words :

PANCRACTES.

The earth will become one vast flourishing city, one immense house and home, one wide laboratory of industry and wealth.

THE COUNT.

Thy voice expresses well the falsehood, but thy features, motionless and pale, cannot succeed in aping inspiration.

PANCRACTES.

Interrupt me not ! myriads of men have on their

bended knees craved of me words like these, and I have been chary of them.

Then in that future world there will appear an imperishable God, a God whose existence the suffering and toil of centuries will have succeeded in laying bare at last—a God who will have been drawn down from Heaven by his own children, whom he had banished to the earth, but who having grown apace, felt that they were entitled to the truth. The real God of humanity will be then revealed.

THE COUNT.

Ages have elapsed already since he revealed himself.

PANCRATES.

Let him delight then in the fruit of that revelation, in the misery of two thousand years which have flown by since he died upon the cross.

THE COUNT.

Blasphemer! I have seen that cross, I have seen it in the centre of old Rome, of the eternal city, planted upon the wreck of a mightier power than thine; and the unpedestalled heads of gods by hundreds, such as thine are, were scattered in the dust around, shivered and trampled, where Christ was triumphing.

PANCRATES.

Thy God imposes on me no more than the clattering

of those trophied arms. But I read thy thoughts. Listen to me : If thou art capable of aspiring towards infinity, if thou hast a real thirst of truth, and hast even sought for it sincerely,—if thou art made after the likeness of thy kind, and not after the image of some hero of a nursery tale, then hear me ! Let not the hour of salvation pass. I speak for the last time. If thou art what thou seemest, rise ! quit these walls, and follow me.

THE COUNT.

Younger brother of the old serpent ! (*aside*) No, these are dreams which man may never realise ! The first of his race died in the wilderness, and he can never re-enter Paradise.

PANCRATES.

(*Aside*) I have made the most sensitive fibre of his heart to vibrate.

THE COUNT.

Progress and happiness ! I too had dreamed them once. During past centuries, a hundred years ago, a compromise might have been perhaps still possible ; now nothing is left us but to combat, for you design the extermination of a race.

PANCRATES.

Woe to the vanquished ! shout with us : Woe to the vanquished ! and be with us a victor.

THE COUNT.

What! hast thou so accurately followed the map of the mysterious future? Has Fate communed with thee in visible form? Has it stood in the lonely night at the entrance of thy tent; or hast thou heard its voice at drowsy noon, when thou alone wert watching, and all around thee slumbered, outworn with fatigue and heat, that thou dardest threaten with such certainty thy future victory? Man as thou art, moulded like myself from clay, and liable to be the prey of the first bullet, or the slave of the first sabre's edge.

PANCRAATES.

Illusion, vain illusion! Lead will not harm, steel injure me, so long as one of you resist my will. That which may chance when you have been swept away, concern you not. (*The clock strikes.*) Time is mocking us;—if thou art weary of thy life, still save thy son.

THE COUNT.

The salvation of his pure soul is assured in Heaven, on earth he will share his father's fate.

PANCRAATES.

Thou dost refuse, and meditate?—'Tis well, meditation is befitting him who sits beneath the shadow of the tomb.

THE COUNT.

Begone ! Disturb no longer the mysterious working of my soul, bent upon things above the sphere of thy terrestrial thoughts. Begone ! live on in thy groveling world ! enjoy it ; but seek not to rise above it. Leave me ! leave me !

PANCRAATES.

Slave of a thought—of one idea ! Warrior, poet, pedant ! out upon thee !

THE COUNT.

It is in vain ; thou couldst never understand me, never ! Thy sire and his sire disappeared,—they died, and they were buried pêle-mêle with the people, like common-place things without worth or value. There was not one *man* amongst them ; that is to say, not one being gifted with the strength of a superior and undying mind. (*He points to the portraits of his ancestors.*) Look at those venerable images.—A thought patriarchal, social, patriotic,—an idea antithetic to thine own, dwell in the lines severe which mark those pensive brows. That thought has passed to me—lives in me. Now thou, oh man, art even without a birth-place. Each night thy tent is pitched upon the ruins of thy neighbour's dwelling, and each succeeding morn it is struck to wander farther. Till now thou hast not even found a

hearth and home, nor wilt thou, so long as a hundred men of the old world remain to shout with me,—“Glory to our fathers!”

Here Pancrates satirically relates, the history of the original of all these portraits with all the scandal attaching to the lives of those they represent.

THE COUNT *at length interrupts him.*

Son of a plebeian! Thou and thine would not exist, if our sires had not fed you with their bread, and made a rampart for you of their bosoms. When from a herd of animals they humanised you, building you churches, rearing you schools, sharing all with you but the perils of war, for which you were unfitted.*

Such bitter words, Pancrates! fall edgeless from their glory, as formerly the pagan lance rebounded from their armour. Thy voice cannot disturb the repose of their ashes. It will waste itself like the howl of a mad dog, which slavering from its fangs the foam, tears as it rushes past, and passes on to die, no one knows whither.

And now, my guest, it is time that we should part. Thou art free to go!

* The nobility of Poland were alone entitled formerly to bear arms.

PANCRACTES.

Then fare thee well, until we meet upon the rampart of the Holy Trinity! but when thy ammunition is exhausted?

THE COUNT.

We shall meet at our swords' length.

PANCRACTES (*departing*).

We are two eaglets of one brood, but thine eyrie is lightning-stricken. Before I cross this threshold, I leave my curse upon thy senility, and I devote thee with thy seed to ruin.

THE COUNT.

Lead this man to the out-posts.

"The poet," continues Mitzkiavitch, "pictures to us the theatre of events, and describes the scene. A magnificent landscape, such as art in our days would be impotent to reproduce, more melancholy than the paintings of Ruysdael, more sombre than those of Salvator-Rosa. We are shown vast plains mist-covered, and bounded in by rocks, which, at an antediluvian period must have served as places of refuge to men, and have overhung seas, now become continents.

The old tradition of the Deluge naturally occurred to the mind of the poet, when about to describe another popular inundation, and political deluge.

The sun rises, and dispersing the mist, shows the waves of dark human heads, and further on, other waves of glittering steel, which flow over the surface of the country.

* * * * *

Within the beleaguered fortress, "already the famished people murmur; the soldiers want for ammunition. Their leader is obliged solemnly to adjure them in the name of his former services. He succeeds once more in repressing their internal sedition, and he forces every one, the clergy, the nobility, the capitalists, and the learned, to defend their last hold, and to perish at least with honour.

The Count then seeks a last interview with his son. Here the author leads us again into the supernatural world. The child, gifted with the ecstatic faculty of second-sight, descends into the castle vaults, and there beholds the shades of departed generations, oppressed and tortured by his ancestors. He witnesses there the scene of the last judgment. In the midst of these terrible images, he recognises his own father, and foretells to him his doom.

The count, however, cursing this prediction, hurries to the castle rampart, where he arrives just as all is lost. A bullet strikes down his son beside him. He presses the blade of his sword to his child's lips, but he sees upon it no traces of respiration. His faithful servant, his last survivor is next killed by his side,—he dies, abandoning his faith, and cursing the obstinacy of his master. The master himself, having no further hope on earth, flings from him his sword, and making a last effort on himself to contain the malediction of despair arising to his lips, plunges into the precipice and disappears.

The triumphant host enters the fortress from every side. The globe is now conquered by these men, whom the poet calls the *new men*.

Pancrates then re-appears upon the scene, surrounded by his followers and confidants; but in the midst of his triumph he is still anxious to know the fate of Count Henry, his antagonist.

“Where is Henry?” he exclaims. “A sack full of gold for Count Henry, dead or alive,—a sack full of gold for his body!”

A soldier acquaints him with the mode of his death, and delivers up to him his sword.

PANCRAATES.

Ah ! I recognise his arms ; it is his blood-stained sword ! He has kept his word,—glory to him ! To you (*turning to the prisoners*) the guillotine !

Pancrates then causes the list of prisoners to be read over to him. Each word he utters, is a condemnation.

Here the author imitates the style of the revolutionary tribunal, in the Reign of Terror.

Being now the conqueror of the world, his friend and confidant, Leonard, addresses him :

“ Master ! after so many sleepless nights, thou shouldst take some repose, thou seemest wearied.”

PANCRAATES.

Child ! the hour of sleep is not yet arrived. The last breath sighed out by the last of my enemies, marks only half my toil. Behold those tenantless plains, which stretch like a gulph betwixt me and my intent ! Those plains must yet be peopled, those rocks dug out, those lakes united. Those plains must be divided out amongst you, so that they may rear twice as many living men as there are now dead bodies stretched upon them ; otherwise the work of destruction would not be redeemed.”

This man, now the lord of generations, here exposes the system of the Fourierists and Owenites.

In his enthusiasm, he finds consolation in the thought, that he will be the purveyor of this innumerable people which he rules ; that he will achieve the happiness of the world, distributing equally to each individual, possessions and lands.

LEONARD.

And the God of liberty will give us strength to achieve this gigantic work.

(At this moment the Man of Destiny becomes troubled at the name of God, pronounced for the first time by his friend.)

PANCRATES.

Why dost thou talk of God ? It is slippery here with human blood. Whose blood ? Behind me I see nothing but the castle yard. We are alone, and yet I feel as if there was some one near me.

LEONARD.

Do you mean that mutilated body ?

PANCRATES.

The body of his faithful servitor,—that is lifeless.—No, some spirit—whose I know not—hovers here. See Leonard, that dark point of rock which juts out from the precipice, 'twas there his heart burst into fragments.

LEONARD.

Master ; thou growest pale !

PANCRAATES.

There ! seest thou not, above us, there !

LEONARD.

I see nothing but a cloud, red with the sunset, and stooping towards the summit of the rock.

PANCRAATES.

Oh ! a fearful sign gleams there !

LEONARD.

Lean on my arm ; what ails thee, master ? thou art deadly pale.

PANCRAATES.

A million of men—a people obeys me ! where is my people ?

LEONARD.

Why its shouts are audible from hence. Thy people waits thee, it is calling for thee now, no doubt ; but, oh in mercy, avert from that point of rock thine eyes, which look as if their light was going out !

PANCRAATES.

Oh ! he stands there upright before me, with his three nails, and his three stars ! His arms spread out like lightnings.

LEONARD.

Master, compose thyself !

PANCRAATES.

Vicisti Galilæe ! (*and he falls back dead.*)

Mitzkiavitch winds up his appreciation of this performance, as follows :—

“The termination of this drama is so fine, that I know of nothing comparable to it. Truth was neither to be found in the camp of the Count, nor in that of Pancrates ; it was above them both, and it shone forth to condemn them. Pancrates, after vanquishing all opposition, becomes suddenly troubled, and discovers that he has been nothing but an instrument of destruction.

“ Then appears to him on a cloud a sign, imperceptible to all other eyes, and he dies uttering the well-known word of a Roman emperor, who after vainly endeavouring to suppress Christianity, exclaimed as he was expiring, ‘ Oh ! Galilean, thou hast conquered.’ ”

CHAPTER VII.

LORD DUDLEY STUART.

It is impossible to conclude even this incomplete, and hasty notice of the Polish emigration, without allusion to Lord Dudley Stuart, its warmest and most enduring friend. If some of its members—his lordship's adoptive children—occasion him trouble and anxiety, his exertions are at least not met with ingratitude. A short time since the author found himself in company with two of the most anti-English Poles in the emigration.

They were loud in their dispraise, alike of our climate, our cookery, our manners, and our institutions, till at length one of them suddenly bethought himself, and exclaimed: " Yet, after all, these English are a wonderful people,—there is a solidity and earnestness in their friendships, as in all connected with them. I cannot endure their

country,—France is at once my glory and delight. We meet in France with generous support and universal sympathy, but where, except in England, find a friend so unwearying in his devotion to a cause as Lord Dudley Stuart? It is not the fitful enthusiasm of days, or weeks, or months, whilst our condition was invested with a certain novelty—it is not through occasional eloquence or contribution, that he thus, courtier of misfortunes, (*courtisan du malheur*,) serves us, but by a whole life dedicated to our cause. The monotony of a grievance of thirteen years' duration has not damped the fervour of his interest in us. He is to be seen in London, in the midst of its yellow November fog, attending to the concerns of those thirteen years proscribed, and he is actually learning our very language, so difficult to attain beyond the days of childhood."

CHAPTER VII.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

THERE is no subject connected with Russia, on which it is more difficult for any one who has not the opportunity of judging for himself, to form an opinion, than on its literature. And yet no literature in the world, if translated for a foreign reader, could be appreciated more rapidly or decisively. With the one exception of Kriloff, the fabulist, who represents the caustic humour and allegoric wit of Russia, all it has hitherto produced is essentially imitative. But amongst the mass of imitators and plagiarists, there is one, Alexander Poushkin, who has, indeed, followed, and often paraphrased Shakespeare and Byron; but who is to them what Virgil was to Homer; whilst the productions of the rest, with reference to their originals, can only be compared to the Latin verses of our school-boys.

The public opinion of his country places Poushkin as far above any other of its writers, as in England we do Milton above Montgomery. But then Poushkin was a rebellious spirit, out of favour with Nicholas ; and although the latter tacitly recognised him in many ways as the first of Russian poets, all praise to this stiff-necked writer was supposed to be distasteful to the ruling powers. On this account, those who have given to the western world such brief notices of the literature of Russia as have hitherto appeared, have always hurried rapidly over his merits, whilst they have passed extravagant encomiums on generals, senators, or ministers, their patrons in *esse* or in *futuro* ; mere dabblers in letters, whose unknown names they unblushingly place beside the name of Poushkin, and from whose paltry effusions they cite so copiously, that it is natural for foreigners to believe that all these authors rank either with him or before him. Such is, for instance, the account of Russian literature given by Gretch, the unscrupulous Russian employé, and formerly by Dupré de St. Maur, in his indiscriminating gratitude to the drawing-room *littérateurs*, into whose circle he had been admitted. It is not, however, those only who are connected with the secret police,—the censor-

ship, or the imperial service who propagate these false impressions.

Literary strangers visiting Russia, are seized upon as the especial property of a *coterie*. Being usually unacquainted with the language, they acquire their ideas of the state of Russian letters, as they do of Russian institutions, from their hosts. They have no reason to doubt of the celebrity of their entertainers' reputations, which gratitude prompts them to spread, whilst, as the former know that they may be made to a certain extent responsible for what the stranger writes when he has left the country, nothing can be more guarded than they are in imparting any information which might compromise them.

Hence such a man as Marmier, a shrewd and observant writer, visiting St. Petersburg in 1842,—and by no means scrupulous in expressing his marked disapprobation of much which he observed,—falls into the double error, in the sketch he gives of Russian literature, both of over-rating the merits of many of the authors whom he cites, and of gravely repeating, with regard to Poushkin, the sycophantic falsehood of his servile informant.

He says, on the authority of a certain Prince Wiasemsky, that Nicholas having found Poushkin in exile, on account of some imprudent writings,

recalled him ; that without solicitation, he restored him to liberty,—called him to him,—undertook to be the only censor of his works, and gave him the history of Peter the Great to write ; after opening the archives of the empire, and assuring him a salary of 5,000 roubles (about £190 ;) that when the fatal catastrophe occurred which deprived Russia of Poushkin, it was in the middle of the night that the emperor heard of it. He instantly sent to him his own doctor, with a note written in his own hand, in which he expressed himself nearly as follows :—“ If we are not to meet again in this world, receive my last farewell, and my advice to die as a Christian. As to your wife and children, do not let the thoughts of them disturb you ; I will look to them.”

“ The sovereign faithfully observed the engagements which the man had made in so humane and touching a manner. The infant sons of Poushkin were named pages (which ensures them a government education, and an advantageous entrance into the service,) Poushkin’s debts were paid, his widow and all his children received pensions, and a complete edition of ten thousand copies of his works were published and sold for the benefit of his family.”

The above, and a brief allusion to some of his works, is all that Marmier says of Poushkin in about forty pages devoted to Russian literature. It may therefore be presumed to be all he gathered about him during his intercourse with the Russian *literati*.

Notices somewhat similar in extent and nature to that which Marmier has given, and probably derived from the same source, are occasionally to be met with in French and German works.

Some translations of passages of Poushkin's poetry have recently appeared in the pages of Blackwood, gracefully rendered into English rhyme. And at least, here the only great or popular poet of Russia has not been confounded with writers whose productions would scarcely in England find a place, through the indulgence of the editor, in the remotest county paper.

The translator, a Mr. Shaw, who professes English in St. Petersburg, gives also some account of the life of Poushkin, as well as a narration by Joukoffsky, of his dying moments. Entering into such minute details on some points, he omits the most important particular of the poet's existence, and only alludes to the manner of his death, by saying that, "It is, we believe, gene-

rally known even in England that Poushkin was mortally wounded in a duel, on Wednesday 27th of January, and that he died after lingering in excruciating torment two days and nights."

"Respecting the causes which led to this melancholy conclusion of a great man's life, &c., it is not our intention to speak. * * * * * To dwell on so lamentable an affair would serve no good purpose, and rather minister to a morbid curiosity in our readers, than illustrate the life and character of Poushkin."

Now if Othello had lived and died historically, as he was conceived in Shakespeare's brain to have lived and died, a biography of him without mention of his jealousy, or of the catastrophe on which the tragedy is based, would less completely paint his character, than a portraiture of Poushkin, which omitted this all-absorbing passion, or failed to record its fatal result.

Mr. Shaw proceeds to excuse his silence, on the plea, "that it was the poet's dying wish that the whole circumstance should be buried in oblivion," and through "respect to the prayer of a great genius, whose lips when quivering in the last agony, murmured the generous words, 'pardon and forget.'"

This respect to the dying wishes even of a public man, would have been laudable in the extreme if his biographer had not lost sight of the poet's generous object in desiring oblivion, which was simply to avert the stigma which might attach to the wife, whom he doubted of having wrongfully suspected.

But after passing over on this pretext, in the few words which have been quoted, all the circumstances of this melancholy event, he cites a letter from Joukofski, (a celebrated translator and paraphrasist of French, German, and English authors,) to Poushkin's father, describing the last moments of his son, which he had just witnessed, wherein is mentioned that the dying man exclaimed in allusion to his wife,—“Poor thing ! she suffers innocently ; the world will tear her to pieces !”

Now, when it is considered that shortly after this event there was no individual in the Russian empire acquainted with the name of Poushkin, who was not aware that he had died by the hand of his brother-in-law, whom he had challenged in a fit of jealousy, is it not apparent, that, oblivion of the whole transaction being impossible, to give these few words to a western public, exciting its sus-

picion, is to act in diametric opposition to the wish ; and that it would have been more respected in its spirit, by rendering public such circumstances as might serve to clear the character of his wife ?

The silence of Mr. Shaw is, however, fully accounted for by his position ; but who, in referring to his narrative,—and he says even more upon the subject than can be found in the accounts of other writers,—could gather that the death of Poushkin had rung from one end of the empire to the other ; whilst the popularity of the poet has caused all the circumstances of his fate to remain as indelibly impressed on the recollection of the Russian public as that of Byron on the public of England ? Who, when they read in the narrative of Joukoffski, which he cites, that Danzas sat by his bedside, that he spoke affectionately to him, and that he wrote to his dictation, could conjecture that he was the very brother-in-law by whose hand he fell ? But above all, on reading Marmier's account of the emperor's kindness to Poushkin, or Mr. Shaw's citation of Joukofski, that he exclaimed upon his death-bed,—“ Tell the emperor that I am sorry to die ; I would have been wholly his,”—who could suspect that the disaffection of Poushkin to Nicholas and his predecessor was as notorious as

that of Junius, or of Peter Pindar, to George the Third; and that the antipathy which Nicholas entertained towards him was as obvious as that of George the Third towards Wilkes? Who could believe that one of the last, and of course unpublished productions of Poushkin, contained two lines which translate nearly as follows:—" *The palest lamp that sheds its dingy influence, would grow into a glorious light, illuminating all humanity, if the Tsar dangled from it?*" Even the fact of Poushkin's having perished in a duel, is one upon which writers in Russia will not venture, though it will naturally be asked, what motive could the Russian government have in concealing that Poushkin perished in a duel with his brother-in-law? To this it may be answered,—an interest so indirect as scarce to be conceivable, but still the same which makes the government bulletins publish the most palpable falsehoods in the face of the whole capital, to extenuate every serious accident which happens beneath its very eyes; as, for instance, since the accession of Nicholas, when the storm in the Gulph of Finland capsised hundreds of boats returning from Peterhoff; when the great booth at the Easter fair was consumed, with a large portion of the spectators in it; and when a fearful collision took

place upon the Zarskoe-Zelo railway. On all these occasions the government papers stated the loss with units instead of scores. These accidents were a reflection on the vigilance of the authorities, which in that country affects to care for everything; and the duel of Poushkin, like all other duels, was against the imperial ukase; therefore the scandal of this violation must not be popularised. It may, however, hence be judged how far the Russian cabinet may have succeeded in mystifying truths important for it to conceal, when it has been so easy for it during eight or nine years to keep in obscurity a fact so remarkable and public, relating to a man who holds the same place amongst the national writers as Peter the Great amongst the Russian sovereigns and administrators, or Suwarrow amongst Russian commanders.

Let us now briefly sketch the life and death of Poushkin, as gathered from those who lived in his intimacy, and as given by them,—not to some travelling *littérateur*, for whose impressions they would have been responsible,—not as policy, or regard for the poet's family, or the jealousy of the censorship would lead them to misrepresent facts; but as they are current in their private conversations

Poushkin was born in 1799, either at Moscow,

or at Pskov. He studied in the Lyceum of Zarskoe-Zelo, near St. Petersburg, and like every scion of a noble family, entered the government service. His early associations caused him to imbibe, like all educated Russians, a profound disgust for the institutions of his country, in addition to a boldness in expressing it, far more unusual.

Though Poushkin began to write in the mildest part of Alexander's reign, it is in vain to seek anything which bears even a semblance of direct hostility to the government, in his writings; for the simple reason, that then, as at the present hour, no printer dare, under pain of capital punishment, print anything which has not the written approbation of the censor. Nevertheless, he was so free in his conversation,—so bitter in his epigrams, which flew from mouth to mouth, that as the rule of Alexander grew daily more severe, about 1820, he was banished to the Crimea. In 1823, he was allowed to retire to Pskov, his native place. About this period, in common with thousands of the nobility, he joined, though without taking any prominent part, in the secret societies, presided by the heroic Pestel. On the accession of Nicholas, when the insurrection broke out, Poushkin determined to draw the

sword and join the conspirators, being only prevented by the obstinate superstition of the slave, his coachman, who alarmed at some unusual omen, or perhaps aware of his master's real destination, threw himself down upon the road, telling his lord to punish him as he thought fit, but resolutely refusing to proceed. Through this incident, which the poet often related to his intimates, and which made a profound impression on his mind, he was delayed till the hour the rebellion had been quieted, and was consequently saved, being only compromised in the same manner as thousands, whose participation was too vague, and whose number too formidable for punishment to reach.

About 1828, Poushkin was banished by Nicholas to the Caucasus, during the campaign of Paskevitch; and it was in this exile that he wrote the ode to the Caucasus, cited by Mr. Shaw, who of course forbears all mention of the circumstances under which he gathered his inspiration.

On the whole, the reader could, however, only imbibe erroneous notions of the character of the author, and the spirit of his writings, from the selection made by Mr. Shaw. Poushkin was not allowed to publish anything which had a liberal

tendency, so that it was only here and there that an allusion could escape the vigilance of the censorship, and only wrapped up with many orthodox opinions. In one of these few instances, in Poushkin's ode to Napoleon, in which Mr. Shaw sees nothing but *the exulting inspiration of a Russian poet*, he allows all the part that was dangerous in the original to evaporate in his translation, rendering the last verses :

But shame and curses without number,
Upon that reptile head be laid ;
Whose insults now shall vex the slumber
Of him—that sad discrowned shade !
No, for his trump the signal sounded,
Her glorious race when Russia ran ;
His hand, 'mid strife and battle, founded
Eternal liberty for man !

Now Mitzkiavitch, the personal friend of Poushkin, thus translates this passage :

Let him be branded with the stamp of shame, who shall breathe one reproach against his discrowned shade ! Glory to him ! for he revealed to Russia its mighty destinies, and from his prison-house announced an era of unending liberty.

*Imiru vecznuji svobodu
Iz miriaka ssylki zavetil.*

During the exile of Poushkin, however, his popularity had so far exceeded that of any writer who had preceded him, that it was evident that the nation had already judged him as the first of its poets. From the palace of the noble to the shed of the trader, wherever men could read them, his works found their way. Eventually, it is said, that as many as five-and-twenty thousand copies of his complete works were sold, an amount which appears prodigious in a country where assuredly fewer of its natives are acquainted with the use of letters, than would be found in the United Kingdom conversant with the French language.

At length it became so obvious, that Poushkin was the greatest of Russian writers who had hitherto appeared, that Nicholas could no longer fail to perceive that, like Karamsin, he must reflect more credit on his reign than the *littérateurs* who were declared to have rendered *Augustan* the age of his grandmother Catherine.

When the poet could do honour to the emperor, the emperor prudently delighted to honour the poet. He called him from exile, appointed him to write the history of Peter the Great, with a pension of about two hundred pounds per annum,

which sounds magnificently in roubles ; and exempted him from the censorship, by declaring that he would personally be his censor. It may readily be imagined, that the necessity of submitting his writing to the emperor before publication, who, not being literary in his taste, referred them privately to the censor's office, laid an embargo still more strict upon his pen. Poushkin, who dared not refuse these honours, felt offended, rather than flattered by the gross attempts to cajole him. Neither could Nicholas conceal his contempt for the man, on whom he now chose to confer his favours ; it soon became bruited about, how disdainfully he had expressed, that Poushkin, in consideration of his talent, was to be allowed all the unbounded freedom of speech which may be allowed to one poet, or to one jester, but which was to constitute no precedent for others.

Poushkin, like Alexander Dumas, was a mulatto. His grandfather had married the daughter of the Negro Hannibal, long the buffoon of Peter the great, who, at length great in his master's favour, had without difficulty allied himself to a great Russian family, founding the house of Annibaloff, and acquiring eventually the command of fleets and armies ; and this allusion stung him

to the quick. His pen was bound by a double censorship, and when he attempted to use the liberty of speech accorded to him, he found that no one dared listen to him, for his hearers were not exempted from the penalties of lending ear to his remarks. Poushkin often complained in bitterness of heart, of this tantalising restriction. Like Demosthenes, and alas, like the majority of those who have been gifted with eloquence of the pen or tongue, Poushkin had no enduring resolution. He was, besides, essentially a creature of impulse; though on the spur of the moment he had resolved to risk his life in the rebellion, and though frequently afterwards he circulated epigrams, which, according to the humour of his sovereign, might have doomed him to the mine if they had reached his ear; still, he sank into despondency, and learned habitually to bow to the restraints surrounding him.

When in a moment of excitement he had given vent to his feelings, he seems often to have become alarmed at his own rashness, and subsequently to have endeavoured, like Krilof in his fables, to deprecate the wrath of the despot, by some productions which might meet favour in

his eyes. Such, for instance, was the case with his ode on the capture of Warsaw by the Russians, which is said to have been written to avert the consequences of some lines which had been bruited abroad, somewhat similar to his epigram on Nicholas and the lanthorn.

Poushkin died the victim of a domestic tragedy, occasioned, perhaps, solely by the inconsiderate jealousy which he seems to have inherited with the blood of Africa mingled in his veins with the Slavonic; or at least, like Othello, from the malignity with which this feeling was worked upon.

So universally known, and popularly related in its minutest details, is this unhappy episode, throughout the Russian empire, that referring as it does to so remarkable a man, the author conceives himself at liberty briefly to recall the many features of the story, without incurring the imputation of indecorously overstepping the circle which divides biographic or historical narration from private scandal.

Poushkin, according to the current version, had married one of two fair sisters. A M. Danzas, the connexion of a foreign diplomatist at the court

of St. Petersburg, and who had taken service in the imperial guard, was a constant visitor in the poet's family, and on terms of the strictest friendship with himself, when his jealousy was roused by an anonymous communication, reproaching him with blindness in not perceiving the intimacy which existed between the young foreigner and his wife.

Poushkin called on Danzas for an explanation, and was met by the defence, that the visits of the latter were addressed to his wife's sister. "Then marry her," said Poushkin; and the young guardsman married her; thus restoring harmony to the family whose quiet he had disturbed, and of which he now became a member. But this state of things did not last long, for the anonymous Iago of our poet, poisoned his repose with letter after letter, reproaching him with complaisance, till goaded into madness by his jealousies and doubts, in one of these paroxysms, he hit upon an expedient to test the fact of his wife's guilt, which, whether borrowed from the plot of a French vaudeville, or occurring spontaneously to the jealous poet and the farce writer, or borrowed by the latter from the story of Poushkin, the author has no means of determining; though distinctly remembering that an

identical incident furnishes the plot of a comic piece, and of the tragedy of real life which deprived Russia of its greatest literary illustration.

Poushkin, having dismissed the attendants, rose from the meal at which he had been sitting with his wife and brother-in-law, and snuffing out one of the tapers by design, purposely extinguished the other in his attempt to light it. He then hurriedly blackened his lips with a burnt cork, and kissing his wife in the dark upon the lips, quitted the room to seek a light in the apartment beyond. On returning with a light he found the lips of M. Danzas blackened.

The violence of his ardent temperament now knew no bounds. Deaf to all protestations of innocence, he proceeded to such extremities as left his brother-in-law no choice but to meet him. The poet fell by his adversary's pistol, but, though mortally wounded, is said to have raised himself up, to aim steadfastly at his relative, before he sank insensible. Such is the popular version of this story, true in the main particulars.

Poushkin lingered a few days, and became reconciled both to his wife and to Danzas, who always strenuously denied all foundation for the

suspicious of the hapless poet, and is said to have declared that in his agitation, Poushkin had hurriedly kissed his lips instead of those of his wife.

When it was ascertained that his wound was mortal, the emperor wrote to him the letter cited by Prince Wiasemski, advising him to die as a christian, and alluding to the future of his children. So notorious was the mutual aversion of these men, that the interpretation of this unexpected note by the dying Poushkin, was considered as a means to influence him in his last moments.

It was obvious that the last words of such a man, whose fate could only add to his celebrity, would obtain publicity unusual in Russia, and it was to be dreaded that the poet, who had so often spoken out whilst still exposed to all the terrors of the despot, now that he was rapidly escaping from the power of all human potentates, would bequeath to his countrymen some of those withering epigrams, or bitter curses, which slaves gather up with such avidity and repeat in whispered tones from mouth to mouth.

The last hours of Poushkin, after he had forgiven his adversary, were spent amidst the

endeavours of his friends to reconcile him, not with heaven, but with the emperor.

The emperor, who at all hours of the day or night is urged by his restless temperament to hurry to the scene of any accidental fire in the metropolis, did not so far conquer his aversion as to come to the bedside of the dying poet, but when he was safely dead, he gave him a magnificent funeral, and honoured by every imaginable device the clay which, less than the jealous vigilance of his imperial mourner, imprisoned the spirit of the departed.

The appreciation of men of literary talent by Nicholas, resembles that of a companion of the author's in a certain hunt, who after saying that nothing delighted him like the sight of a boar, shut himself in a hut when the game was on foot, coming out to gloat over it when it was laid low,—explaining that he loved to feast his eyes on such a beast when dead—the stuff for brawn and hams,—not when alive and dangerous.

Thus the only real benefits and honours Nicholas has conferred on the writers of his reign, were on Poushkin when he was a corpse, and on Karamsin when dying. In fact, no sooner was Poushkin laid in his grave, than one of his youthful admirers, seduced by the honours which

his imperial majesty now vouchsafed to Poushkin, addressed an ode to the departed poet. That it contained no political allusion or impropriety, is evident from the fact that the censorship allowed it to be published, but its effect was far from answering the expectations of the author of this innocent lucubration; for the emperor's irritation was such when he found an embryo Poushkin aspiring to fill the place of the deceased, that he caused the ill-starred youth to be banished forthwith to the Caucasus. The poet's memory was already identified with the glories of the present reign; all danger from his sting was over, and so, like a collector of natural history, who has safely bottled a dead scorpion, but who unmercifully crushes one of its spawn, the emperor displayed a severity which had the intended effect of deterring all imitators.

Whilst still on the subject of Poushkin, it may be worth while to enumerate a few of his works, which are chiefly as follows: The Rouslan and Ludmila; The Prisoner of the Caucasus; Count Noulne; Boris Godunof, a Shaksperian tragedy; The Hurricane; The Grabovnik; The Revolt of Pougatcheff, an historical work; The Queen of Spades; and The Oneghine, in eight cantos, an imitation of the Don Juan, in which he seems

in the manner of his hero's death, to have singularly prognosticated his own fate.

Elsewhere we find Marmier prefacing the arguments of Prince Wiasemsky, whose words have been already quoted, by observing, "that the accusation of *obscurantism* is unjust as applied to the Russian government, and that though it be true that it seeks to limit the manifestation of public opinion, to domineer over the press, to mutilate it when it takes too bold a flight, to gag it when it expresses an opinion which it reprobrates; still it encourages works of science, and of serious literature. It has caused great and important voyages of discovery to be undertaken, and it has liberally rewarded the scientific expeditions of Krusenstern, Davidoff, and Wrangel." In all this passage, as throughout the chapter, a singular confusion is made, which shows how the author has been mystified. When he talks of the Russian government, does he mean that of Catherine, of her two successors, or of Nicholas? for the policy of the Russian cabinet, with regard to the enlightenment of the nation, is now diametrically opposite to what it was in the reign of Catherine, and very different from what it has been in those intervening between hers and the

present. It is obvious that this confusion must convey an impression utterly erroneous.

Catherine, who governed for herself, was at least during the greatest portion of her life, sincerely desirous of fully raising her subjects to the intellectual condition of those in the most civilised countries, for the simple reason, that yet unscared by the effects of the French revolution, she saw nothing perilous to absolutism in the most complete enlightenment, whilst it appeared alike more glorious and more profitable to rule millions of civilised men, than an equal number of human brutes.

From her reign to that of Nicholas, the tendency of the Russian government changed in this respect, that without relinquishing the idea of gradually enlightening its subjects, it became very jealous of the political effects of education and the press. Hence it encouraged scientific works, whilst prohibiting all social or political discussion. With the reign of Nicholas commenced, however, a distinct period, of which the tendency is decidedly and unequivocally *obscurantism*.

The principle has been recognised, that instruction is dangerous. Whilst the political censorship grows daily more exclusive, literature is in the

most marked manner discouraged. Not only is Poland deprived of her universities, and of her chief means of instruction ; but in Russia Proper an ukase of Nicholas has deprived the lower classes of the faculty of entering the superior schools.

The empire, so far from being in a state of progress as regards public education, or intellectual advancement, is under Nicholas decidedly retrograding from the position it occupied under his predecessors, humble as that may have been.

Marmier, in citing the works annually published, observes, that in 1820, 3,800 books appeared (an unparalleled year in the Russian literary annals) ; in 1824, only 264. This was the close of Alexander's reign, just as he had established a secret police, a vigilant censorship, and was alarmed by the secret societies of the nobility. In 1831, which Marmier seems to have chosen as one of the favourable years of the reign of Nicholas, 479 books were published. On the whole it exhibits a vast and increasing diminution from the amount issued from the press in that part of Alexander's reign which intervened between the cessation of the war, and the period when that sovereign abandoned his liberal theories to surrender his power into the hands of violent and sanguinary advisers. The

prodigious increase of all kinds of publications in free countries during the last five-and-twenty years should be taken into account in estimating the significance of this retrogression in Russia.

The author cannot help here noticing an ode which Marmier translates and gives with considerable *naïveté*, as indicative of Russian feeling. It is headed—

ODE TO ENGLAND.

Isle of wonders, isle of pomp, thou art an ornament to the universe,—the brightest emerald that gems the seas !

Dreaded guardian of liberty ! Destructer of thy foes, the ocean wraps thee in the immensity of its waves.

That ocean bottomless and boundless, and inimical to the earth, but submissive and loving unto thee !

Sacred home of freedom, blessed land that thou art, what life in thy teeming populations, what freshness in thy wealthy fields !

How radiantly the crown of science glitters on thy brow ! How sonorous and noble are the accents of thy lyre.

Glittering with gold, and beaming with intelligence, thou art happy and wealthy, nursed in luxury, and arrayed in strength !

Even nations the most distant turn towards thee
their timid thoughts, and ask what new laws thou wilt
prescribe for them !

When the poet has written thus far, he is well aware that one-fourth part of the allusions he has made to liberty would suffice to send him to the Caucasus, if not to Siberia, and that without the satisfaction of even seeing them pass the censor's office to publicity.

He therefore resorts to the stratagem of the Parisian journalist during the Hundred Days, who, anxious to announce the landing of Napoleon from Elba, and his progress towards the capital, published, "that the foulest monster that ever disgraced humanity was again let loose on France; as Napoleon advanced nearer to the capital, and its police became more alarmed, he made known successively that the Corsican ogre—that the usurper,—that Buonaparte had reached such and such a place, and lastly, that the emperor Napoleon was within a few days' journey of Paris."

So in all productions of a similar nature, we must understand, that the Russian writers have no means of giving publicity to one cry of freedom, or of making one appeal to their countrymen, unless

garbled by some qualifying conclusion in the spirit of their government. They know, besides, that no attention whatever is paid by the public to anything adulatory of a despotism, or vituperative of its enemies. They are aware that the idea of inspiring the Russian people with a thirst for universal conquest, is a chimera which exists only in the brain of Nicholas, and on the lips of his courtiers, who simulate an enthusiasm for it, in the same breath that they assure you that Paul died of apoplexy, or that Siberia is a second Sybaris, and with as much sincerity as they would affect to believe, if the emperor so desired it, that the nation wished to embrace and propagate Mahomedanism. Thus, in the commencement to the Ode to England, the author has addressed her as the sacred home of freedom; he has reminded his countrymen how free and happy and how powerful this land of independence is; and then, for the double purpose of escaping condign punishment, and of being allowed to make public his effusion, he continues his lyric from where we left it off.

But, because thou art perfidious, because thou art full of pride, because thou hast cherished terrestrial glory above the commands of heaven,

Because with sacrilegious hand thou hast bound God's church to the foot of a perishable and terrestrial throne,

A day will come, and that day is not distant, when thy pomp, thy purple, and thy gold will vanish like a dream.

Thy lightnings will be extinguished in thy hands, thy sword will cease to glitter, and the gift of luminous thoughts will be withdrawn from thy children.

Then, reckless of thy regal flag, the sounding waves unbound, will career again according to their wild caprice:

And God will choose a humble people; (The Russians,) full of faith and miracles, confiding to it the destiny of the universe, the thunders of the earth, and the inspirations of heaven.

The spirit of the Russian breathes in the first part of this ode—that which his Tsar would wish to animate him with in the second; and it will be at once obvious to the reader, that the poet with sufficient cultivation to know that the church of England was presided over by the sovereign of that country, could not seriously have set forth this circumstance as a reason for the providential transference of the power of England to the Russian empire, whose church is not nominally, but despotically ruled by a temporal prince in the person of the emperor.

Krilloff the fabulist, (who, to the best of the author's belief, has been translated into English by Doctor Bowring), during some forty or fifty years which have elapsed since he first commenced his literary labours, has passed through periods when the censorship has been indulgent, compared to its present vigour. There have even been times when the Russian satirists have been encouraged to attack the venality of the smaller fry of office, and Griebogiedeff, Kapinst, Gogol, and other petty writers, have followed in this respect in the footsteps of the veteran Krilloff. But though the genius of Krilloff is essentially caustic and satirical, he has always been restrained by prudential considerations; and ever alarmed at his own daring, where he has shown any boldness in one of his fables, he directly publishes another which contains some common-place moral, palatable to the absolute spirit of his government. The author has not Krilloff's fables before him, and speaks only from recollection in instancing the following:—

Krilloff is in a dream transported to the gate of Heaven, where the good and evil spirits are disputing for the soul of a senator. The evil spirit claims him, because justice has been basely

sold in his office,—because of the tears of the widow and orphan. Hereupon the good spirit proves that the judge, a foolish easy man, knew nothing whatever of the merits of the cases, which his secretaries and underlings had in reality sold and decided ; and because the fault was rather in those who had made him judge, than in the senator, admits him through the sacred portals. “ I know many a senator,” concludes the fabulist, slyly, “ whom I devoutly believe will at that rate go to Heaven.”

But directly after venturing on a fable somewhat to the effect of the above, he publishes another showing how the man slackened the horse's rein, and how by degrees the horse taking greater liberties threw his rider to the ground.

Peter the Great printed the first Russian book, and attempted to found a Russian literature ; but though it was easy for him to create generals and admirals, to build fleets and cities, he could not succeed in making an author. The works published in his reign were all-translations. Lomonosoff, in the reign of Elizabeth, was the first who could ever by courtesy be termed an original writer, thus far that he paraphrased and imitated, instead of invariably translating.

Derjavin, who flourished in the reign of Catherine, more pompous and harmonious, is scarcely more original than Lomonosoff, yet was cited till the time of Poushkin as the first of the Russian poets. In this reign too appeared Karamsin the historian, one of the few prose writers ; for the Russian, like every literature in its infancy, was then, as it is still, chiefly confined to poetry. Karamsin is principally remarkable as having fixed, reformed, and extended the Russian language, which till his time could scarcely be regarded as a written tongue, so inadequate was its vocabulary to the expression of abstract ideas. His history of Russia is a work of research and merit ; the credit is due to him, of having spoken with some impartiality of Russian sovereigns, wherever the period was not too near our own. Karamsin enjoyed the private friendship of the Emperor Alexander, which did not, however, relieve him from his penury or embarrassment. When on his death-bed, he was at length noticed by Nicholas, who conferred a handsome pension on his family. Joukoffsky is a mere clever translator of poetry and prose, who sometimes rises to the rank of imitator, and plays in the reign of Nicholas, the part of Lomonosoff in that of Elizabeth.

Krilloff the fabulist, Karamsin the historian, and Poushkin the poet, are therefore alone worth citing in the literary annals of Muscovy.

The besetting sin of all its productions is a want of originality, in which they differ singularly from those of the Polish muse. Their merit must, however, be perhaps considered rather as relative than positive,—rather as indicative of the vigorous and healthy intellect, which like a plant piercing the surface of the icy soil, makes us, instead of seeking for the fruit it bears, marvel that it should flower in the frozen air at all.

It is to be judged less by its performance than its promise, and that it must be confessed is so great, that whenever any social or political changes take place in the Russian empire, we may confidently look forward to see it assuming a station as important in the literary, as it does now in the political world. Hitherto we must bear in mind the very restricted extension of education, which under any circumstances would limit to so small a number those who could devote themselves to the pursuit of letters,—everywhere unprofitable, but in Russia so dangerous that few of the Russian popular writers have escaped disgrace or exile, at one period or another of their career.

But independent of this circumstance, the inexorable censorship must be taken into account, which effectually cramps and limits every flight of genius, smothering it in the bud for the want of that liberty which seems to be its vital atmosphere. For it must be remembered that the severest penalties to restrain the press bear no analogy to such an institution as the censorship as used with varying rigour in Russia, Austria, and Prussia. The general tendency of the most elaborate work, or the minutest article,—whole volumes, a page, a sentence, or a word objectionable to the opinions or prejudices of those who govern, are duly weighed, and debar the whole or the part from the possibility of publicity ; since nothing can be printed without the censor's sanction. With this restraint, exercised with more or less severity, the literature of Russia has struggled since its first birth ; and in comparing it with that of Poland, it is only fair to bear in mind that nearly all the most remarkable Polish authors have been inspired during a period when free from this enthrallment.

Niemcewicz and Kozmian, the epic and pastoral poets of its classic school, had both attained their manhood before the first subjugation

of Poland by the Russians. Lelewel and Mitzkiavitch began to write before Alexander had virtually abolished the constitution of the kingdom of Poland, and before he had established the Russian censorship, which has been ever since continued with more rigour than even in Russia. But all the most remarkable works, not only of Mitzkiavitch and Lelewel, but of Krasinski and Zaleski,—in short, all the most glorious portion of the Polish literature,—has been written in the unbounded freedom of exile. Though the whole modern literature of Russia is essentially imitative, the songs of the people, full of originality, are not to be confounded in this category. Commonly wanting in elevation, they are distinguished by a simplicity half quaint, half touching, which I know not how to characterise, excepting by the French epithet of *naïf*. They are evidently, however, the production of a people divested even of the most distant traditions of individual pride or warlike spirit; but it must always be remembered that allusion is here made only to the ditties and ballads of the Muscovites, not of the Ruthenians, once the bulwark of Poland, and who emancipating themselves from the feudal tyranny of their Polish lords, after long social wars, achieved

their freedom only to fall into the arms of a benumbing despotism; but without forgetting these eventful antecedents in their popular songs. This Ruthenian literature of the people, which the author may have elsewhere the opportunity of examining with the reader, is constantly confounded with that of the Muscovites, of which latter, two of the ballads cited by Marmier may be taken as characteristic specimens: the one as a tradition of the past, the other as an impression of the actual feeling of the people.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE ROBBER.

Hush! hush, oh green forest my mother, trouble not my thoughts, for to-morrow I must appear before the terrible judge, before the Tsar himself.

The Tsar will say to me: "Answer me, my child; tell me, oh son of a peasant, with whom thou hast led thy robber life? how many were thy companions?"

And I will answer him: "Oh Tsar, my hope! most Christian Tsar, I will tell thee the whole truth. Companions I had four. One was the dark night, another my steel blade, the third my good steed, and the fourth my bended bow. My messengers were arrows hardened in the fire."

Then the Tsar, my hope, the most Christian Tsar,

will say to me : " Honour to thee, my child, who knowest how to rob and how to speak so well. For thy recompense I will give thee a good present. Thou shalt have a palace in the open fields, a gallows and a hempen rope."

THE RUSSIAN MOTHER.

(Whose child is taken as a soldier.)

Oh! you my dear children, I love you all with an equal love. Behold my fingers : if one is hurt I feel it through my whole body. So with you, my children, my heart trembles for you all ; but thou, oh my darling, who art doomed, why art thou so unfortunate ? Better would it have been that thou hadst not been born, that I had never fed thee from my bosom—better would it have been to have crushed thee at thy birth. I should have grieved less to bury thee by the hill-side, and to have covered thee with the yellow sand. Now, bereaved mother, I may sing like the cuckoo. Oh ! what troubles await thee, my beloved ; thou art young and tender, and thou wilt feel the pangs of want, thou wilt suffer cold and hunger, and thou wilt call thy father and thy mother Tartars. When we are keeping holiday all my children will be near me, only thou wilt be absent, my beloved child. Write to me, not with pen and ink, but with thy tears, and seal thy letter with the stamp of thy exceeding grief. Spring will return, and as thy companions go to sport in the green

meadows, I, poor mother, startled by their merriment, will look out into the wide road,—I shall see all thy companions, and my eyes will fill with the hot tears.

Such, with regard to all military avocations, are the sentiments of the Muscovite people, whom their government seeks to inspire with martial ardour; and one million of whose number is perpetually forced into this hateful career, to gratify the ambition of a foreign family, and to serve as instruments for subverting the happiness and independence of their neighbours.

Hence there is always one million of families whose breavement this ditty faithfully records, whilst it images the incessant fear which oppresses the remainder.

CHAPTER VIII.

FINLAND AND ITS LITERATURE.

Swedish feeling in Finland—Attempt of the Russian Cabinet to neutralise it by the resuscitation of a Finnish Nationality and Literature—Famous Epic Poem of the Kalevala—Collection of the Kanletetar.

THE principality of Finland, inhabited by an aboriginal race, extends from within a few hours' sail of Stockholm up to the gates of St. Petersburg.

Its population received its laws, civilisation, and religion from the Swedes. Its higher classes are all of Swedish origin; but as complete an amalgamation has taken place as between the English population in Wales, or the French amongst the Celts of Britany.

The Swedish language is used in precisely the same manner as the English or the French in those Celtic countries. Finland was, as it is well known, lost to Sweden under the last but one of the

dynasty of Vasas, an obtuse and hasty, but well-meaning sovereign.

It was occupied by Alexander when he had been forced by Napoleon to join with him against the allies with whom he had begun the war, and lost to Sweden by the only monarch who remained faithful, in the continental struggle, to his engagements with Great Britain.

Alexander retained possession of Finland, notwithstanding his private assurance at the time that he had no intention of appropriating it.

The Finns have never ceased to regard with affectionate regret the period of their union with Sweden. In Sweden, the loss of Finland rankles so profoundly in every Swedish heart, that from Gottenburg to the borders of Lapland you cannot name the subject to the humblest peasant in the remotest hut, without seeing that the prospect of its recovery would reconcile him to any sacrifice.

Finland, from the origin of one part of its population and the predilection of the remainder, from the nature of its surface, so chequered by rocks, lakes, defiles, forests, and rivers, and peculiarly unfitted for the action of Muscovite masses, is the most favourable ground the Swedes could choose the theatre of a successful struggle.

Sweden is every day more likely to increase its power by incorporating the sister population of Denmark) with its comparative wealth and excellent sailors) in a common union.

The Danish and Swedish people, long divided by the consequences of a family feud, are identical in race and language; and their interests are the same. The prejudice which blinded them to this fact has recently been rapidly clearing away, and they are awakening to a conviction of the truth. It is to be doubted whether at the present day any political combination can eventually prevent two neighbouring people, bent on fraternising, from uniting. This Scandinavian union of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, which the author believes first to have noticed publicly in the Revelations of Russia, and which will become imminent on the death of the present king of Denmark, is gradually occupying more attention in the north. The students of the universities go across in increased numbers to visit each other; and the consummation so much to be wished for has become a universal toast.

In Denmark, where all public demonstrations have rather reference to the destiny of that kingdom after the death of its present sovereign than to any violent changes during his lifetime, a growing spirit of liberalism manifests itself.

It is only a few weeks since that a journalist being condemned for a severe article against the absolute monarch of Prussia to a fine of near £500, on the seizure-sale of his library to defray the amount, a gentleman stepped forward and bid the amount for the first book put up for sale.

The eventual results of a Scandinavian union, must undoubtedly lead to an attempt at the recovery of Finland by Sweden; but should its accomplishment be long delayed, the feeling of the Swedes upon this subject furnishes Great Britain with the means, in the event of war with Russia, of dealing at slight cost or hazard, a serious and irrecoverable blow at that empire.

Whatever may be the political condition of Sweden, if, in event of war between Russia and Great Britain, the prospect of the recovery of Finland were held out to its people, no government could resist the popular movement, which would impel it to join with England, and invade that principality. A British fleet, and a Swedish army subsidised by England, could undoubtedly effect the conquest of this territory, in spite of every effort the Russian cabinet could make; and having occupied, permanently retain it.

Cronstadt is built on a Finnish island, and

though fortified with every care, being wholly artificial, can make no permanent resistance against the newly introduced means of destruction at the disposal of a victorious navy. The only defence of St. Petersburg, is Cronstadt; and its occupation, together with that of Finland, leave the capital itself at the invaders' mercy, and must lead to its abandonment.

War with Great Britain would, besides, at any moment rouse Poland, which is hourly drawing nearer to the renewal of a single-handed struggle with the Tsar; Turkey would at all times be eager to profit by such an eventuality; an English fleet in the Black Sea could play the same part as in the Baltic, and a small military expedition might deprive Russia of her Georgian provinces, from which she is almost cut off by the Caucasian mountaineers, and where it is four times more difficult and expensive for her to send a soldier, than it would be to Great Britain.

The author, who is prepared to enter elsewhere into military details to prove the practicability of the aggressive means to which he makes here allusion, wishes it to be understood that he is no partisan of war, which cannot in his estimation be sanctioned

on any grounds of national interest, jealousy, or aggrandisement; which even the pretence of injured national honour will not justify, and which ought never to be undertaken except in self-defence, or for the common-weal of humanity.

There are many with whom this consideration would weigh in their judgment of the conduct to be pursued by Great Britain towards the Russian despot, if it were not for the popular idea that he is as inaccessible to us as the tyrant of Bokhara. It is to assist in removing this strange misconception that the author is led to dwell on this vulnerable point which the mutual relations of Finland and Sweden offer in the panoply of that gigantic Russian despotism, to which might be so appropriately applied the epithet conferred in the whispered murmurs of the crowd, on its imperial representative when passing through Germany, of *Der Menschenfeind*, or the "enemy of humanity."

On the national feeling of the Finns of themselves, whose character the author has sketched elsewhere,—a patient, hardy race, distinguished for loyalty and fidelity,—naturally depends much of the facility which an invasion of their principality might offer. If they had been as well treated by

their new masters as by the Swedes, the course of time would have reconciled them to the change. The author has had occasion to show elsewhere how Alexander and Nicholas swore successively the maintenance of their constitution, and how both violated this oath by never allowing a representative body to assemble. This circumstance recalls too another instance of the misrepresentation prevalent in the public press, out of compliment or through fear of the Russian cabinet.

A Monsieur Leouzon le Duc, a modest and timid writer, has recently published a work on Finland, in which he gives a translation of the Kalevala, whether from the Finnish, or from the Swedish translation of Castren he does not mention. In his account of the government of Finland, he states that Alexander promised to maintain the Finnish constitution, and cites his manifest to that effect; he further mentions with apparent approbation, that Nicholas graciously confirmed it at his accession to the throne, and also gives the text of his ukase.

But he utterly omits to say that this promise was never fulfilled,—the grievance of which the Finns so bitterly complain; thus naturally leav-

ing his reader to infer that these two sovereigns had respected, instead of virtually abrogating the Finnish constitution, in the face of a pledge so solemn. Alexander otherwise pursued towards that country a system of conciliation; the exemption from duties was guaranteed for a certain number of years, and the vexatious tyranny of the bureaucracy and police restrained within tolerable bounds. The impatience of Nicholas soon began to tighten the rein. Directly after his accession, he abolished the committee for Finnish affairs, and from that moment the country was gradually Russianised, that is to say, that all the corrupt and arbitrary mechanism by which the remainder of the empire is administered, was introduced by slow degrees.

The long peace succeeding to so many years of war, the exemption from duties, and the trade with the capital, consoled the Finns for their political restrictions by an unusual increase of material prosperity. But this has been over-rated; and if we compare the progress of semi-republican Norway, a poorer country, divested of many of the same advantages as Finland, we may infer that this would have been at least the same if still united to Sweden. On the other hand, it must not be

forgotten that the exemption from heavy duties, by rendering it a vast free port, was the chief cause of its increasing wealth ; but these were only guaranteed for a certain term of years.

This term expired since the author had last occasion to advert to Finland, and as he prognosticated, the first step taken by Nicholas was to deprive it of these advantages. After taking this step, which practically taught his Finnish subjects the value of the representative forms withheld from them, it was discovered that the expense of a sufficient custom-house establishment along a coast of a thousand miles, would exceed the incomings of the customs, and the rigidity of the tariff was again relaxed. This has not been the case with the increasing severity of its administration, and aware of the danger of indisposing this population, the plan has been devised in the imperial cabinet, of resuscitating and playing off the nationality of the Finns against that of the Swedish middle-class, and of neutralizing thereby the Swedish feeling, still so obstinately prevalent in that country.

It is thus, that on the other side of the Finnish gulph, the Lettonian peasantry, and their German priesthood and nobility, are skilfully made to keep

each other in check. But there is only an apparent similitude in the two cases. In the Baltic provinces, the Teutonic knights reduced the conquered inhabitants to private servitude, and shared them out like cattle; as in parts of Ireland, a fierce animosity lurks in the bosoms of the peasantry against this strange race of oppressors, and may be easily worked upon.

Finland, on the contrary, was equitably governed as a Swedish province,—all the recollections of her civilisation and her glories are identified in her happy association with the mother country. It is therefore as idle to attempt to detach the affections of Finland from Sweden, by reference to a nationality lost in the night of time, or to traditions connected with paganism, as it would be for the French, if in possession of Cornwall, to make its inhabitants forget their separation from England, by encouraging homely songs in their native dialect, or popularizing a poem filled with the mythologic legends of the Druids.

That the reader may be enabled to judge of the nature of Finnish national literature, a brief analysis with extracts from the *Kalevala* and *Kanteletar* is herewith given,—the one an ancient epic in two-and-thirty books, the other a collec-

tion of the lyrics of the people. The former, which is in many respects a singular and interesting production, may gratify, as a literary curiosity, at the same time that it serves to illustrate the author's argument.

The Kalevala—so called either from Kawa the father of the Finnish gods, the gigantic Saturn of its mythology, or from Kalewala the Finnish Olympus—is a collection of poetic myths, gathered like the songs of Homer, or as those of Ossian were once supposed to have been by Macpherson, from the oral traditions of the people, by the indefatigable Doctor Lönnroth, and published by him a few years since. The antiquity of the whole of it is very great, as it winds up with the legend of Mariatta the gentle virgin, who swallows a berry, and conceiving, brings into the world a child, which usurps the empire of the god Wainamoinen.

It is impossible in this to mistake the Virgin Mary, and the first tradition of Christianity, dispelling the darkness of heathenism ; and therefore it is obvious that the last portions of the poem can have been composed no later than the twelfth century, when Christianity was introduced into Finland. There are allusions made in other parts of it to the invasions of Russia by the

Northmen, which occurred in the ninth century; and some even see cause to retrace the origin of the first portions of it beyond the birth of Christ.

There is, of course, no substantial reason to be given, why these traditions, orally handed down for nine centuries as they contain incontestible proofs of having been, may not in a like manner have commenced and been transmitted from mouth to mouth nine centuries previously.

This poem of the *Kalevala*, though singularly disjointed, obscure, and confused, may be termed an epic, because all the episodes which it contains refer to the adventures of the god Wainamoinen, of which the thread is never entirely lost from the commencement to the termination. It is, however, an epic almost wholly mythologic, or at least human personages are only casually introduced, and chiefly in the character of sorcerers.

It is compared to the *Odyssey* by some of the learned Finns, who in their patriotic enthusiasm even give it precedence. Though it is difficult for any one but a Finn to acquiesce in this judgment, the *Kalevala* must be admitted as an interesting monument, of a distant age and of a numerous people, which probably overspread a large portion

of Europe long before it was occupied by its present races, and of which the only notable remnant is now to be found in Finland, though slender branches separated from it, and plunged in barbarism, still exist, scattered over Siberia and the north-east of Europe. This poem is also peculiar, and original, though in some passages its style is biblical, and seems to point to an oriental origin.

It is therefore not without striking beauties, and many more are probably lost to the modern reader, through the unintelligibility of the allegories and allusions with which it is filled, whilst in a translation the harmony of the versification, one of its chiefest charms, is necessarily lost upon a stranger. It is impossible to give any outline of the construction of this poem, without some slight explanation of the Finnish mythology, which is peculiar, though bearing some traces of having been derived either from that of the Greeks, or from a common source. We must however admit it to be less poetical than that of the Greeks, and less gloomily grand than that of the Scandinavians.

It mixes up the weird with the terrible, and though we have no right to condemn the most

gross apparent absurdities, which may be full of meaning lost to us, its most solemn superstitions are often chequered by images irresistibly ludicrous.

All the Finnish gods, whenever their deeds or history are recorded, appear so frequently in the character of sorcerers, that the attributes of the godhead seem inextricably confounded with the power of the magician.

They blend in a far greater degree than the gods of the Greek mythology, or of the Scandinavian Edda, the weaknesses of the man with their god-like character; rather wizards than deities, the art with which they use their spells and incantation seems chiefly to enable them to struggle with, and triumph over mortals and inferior spirits.

There is, besides, so much of contradiction and obscurity in all the Finnish myths; there appear to be so many words of which the signification is either changed or lost, that a perfectly distinct idea cannot be formed with certainty, even of the attributes of the principal deities, respecting which, the notions of the singers of the runes themselves differ perhaps as much as those of their modern commentators.

Jumala is the god of clouds and thunder; Wainamoinen of poetry and music. They represent the Jupiter and Apollo, but it is uncertain which of the two was the supreme being.

Kava the giant, the father of the gods and giants, bears some analogy to Saturn. Illmarinen the eternal blacksmith to the Vulcan of the Greeks and Romans. Tuoni is the god of death, the giant Hisiin, of evil; Akto is the king of the waters; Tuopio, of the woods; Matha-Teppo, of the roads. The storm is represented by an eagle. Mehilainen is a beneficent bird, small and frail as the humming-bird, but ever bearing on its tiny wings the balm and antidote for sickness, suffering, and the spells of evil.

Besides these, the mighty sorcerers and wizards, there are numerous other gods; and every lake, stream, hill, or valley,—in fact, all animate or inanimate things have their good and evil spirits.

On this account everything is personified in their mythic poetry. The boat laments upon the shore,—the lonely tree, isolated in the clearing, mourns and complains,—the road converses with the god,—the iron in the furnace has a voice, and in its uses a volition.

But besides these passages, full of originality and

beauty, we find the witch of Pohja, whose spells can baffle the gods, sweeping up the dust upon her floor into a brazen pan. The god Wainamoinen cocks his hat gaillardly upon one side,—he laves his thumb and purifies his fingers before astonishing all nature with the harmony of his song.

The goddess of the woods draws on her blue stockings, and arrays herself in red ribbons, when irresistibly attracted to listen to the melody of the god.

Ilmarinen, another divinity, in the spirit of Hudibras, seriously declares that a man is safer cased in steel, and that he prefers to go by land rather than risk himself upon the water.

It may be asked whether Nicholas or his advisers think these images calculated to efface from the minds of the Finns the recollection of the freedom they enjoyed, and the glories they achieved, when, united to the Swedes, they fought in the front ranks of the armies of the great Gustav Adolph for the civil and religious liberty of the north.

The Kalevala is divided into two-and-thirty *runes*. Like all Finnish poetry, both ancient and modern, its verse is alliterative instead of being in blank or rhymed; but from the nature of the

language, this singular kind of versification is full of harmony ; and, to judge from the facility with which it is improvised by the peasantry, must be of easy construction. For instance, the following passage from the first *rune* of the *Kalevala*, where the Lapland wizard lies in wait for the god Wainamoinen, and shoots the blue elk on which he is riding :

“ And he shot his shaft ; but it rose too high.
The sky was rent, the arches of the air were shaken.
He shot a second ; but it fell too low : it sunk
into the depths of earth—the mother of men—
down to *Manala*, whose vaults it made to tremble,”
&c.

It would be versified in the Finnish by making most of the words in one line begin with the same letter. As for instance :

Shooting a shaft it soared so high,
That it smote the sky and severed its arch ;
Then speeding a second it sunk too low,
And deeply descending down through the dark earth—
Of mortal man the mighty mother—
Made *Manalas'* murmuring vaults to quiver ;
Then, with truer aim, his third shaft he shot *through*
The blue bounding elk by the hero bestriden.

The first *rune* of the Kalevala opens with the birth of the god Wainamoinen, after having been thirty years imprisoned in his mother's womb. He immediately creates himself a courser—a blue and gigantic elk—on which he rides towards the seashore. But there a Lapland wizard lies in ambush for him; and discharging his fatal arrows, kills his strange steed; and the dismounted god having fallen into the sea, wanders for seven years about the waters.

FINNISH POETRY.

THE KALEVALA.

First Rune.

“A Laplander—he of the obliquely glancing eye, filled with a malignant hatred which had long rankled in his breast,—cherished dark thoughts against the venerable Wainameinen.

“Skilled in the craft of fashioning deadly weapons,—he prepared a bow by means of fire.

“Gold, silver, iron, and steel lent to his work in turn their lustre and their power. Thus did he prepare a bow, bright to the eye, and costly in its price. Inlaid upon its back a horse bristles up

its mane ; another speeds along on that part which the arrow traverses. A bull reposes on the two wings of the bow, and a hare crouches near the notches.

“ Then he prepares a sheaf of arrows, adorning each with a triple row of feathers. He cuts them carefully, and his sons attach thereunto the light wing of the sparrow, the swallow’s tiny feathers.

“ But these shafts, who will harden them, what balsam will anoint them with its power ?

“ The black venom of the snake, the atrocious poison of the adder.

“ Wouldst thou know, too, how the feathers are attached to the shaft wherewith the bow is strung ?

“ With hairs from the mane of the hell-horse Hisii—of the stallion Lemmo.

“ The shafts are ready ; with bow in hand, and quiver resounding on his shoulders, the Laplander wends his way.

“ He reaches the cataract of the fiery torrent, the whirlpool of the sacred stream. There he watches at morn, he watches at even, he watches at mid-day. He waits the venerable Wainamoinen, the friend of the waters.

“ One day, one morn, he lifts his eyes towards the west, he turns his head towards the sun, and he sees the venerable Wainamoinen advancing toward the dark sea-waves.

“ Seizing hurriedly his bow of fire, his beautiful, his iron-bound bow, he draws from his quiver a feathered shaft, a shaft unerring and fatal, and aims at the death of Wainamoinen, at the death of the friend of the waters.

“ His mother, his wife, two sprites, and the three daughters of nature cry out together : Stay ! slay not Wainamoinen ! Waina is thine own aunt's son !

“ But the cruel Laplander remains inflexible ; he replies : If I raise my hand, and aim too high, may the shaft fall lower ; if I lower my hand too far, may it rise higher.

“ And he shot his shaft, but it rose too high ; the sky was rent ; the arches of the air were shaken. He shot a second, but it fell too low ; it sunk into the depths of the earth, the mother of men, down to Manala, whose vaults it made to tremble. He shot a third, but this shaft pierced the blue elk through the spleen, and transfixed it through the left leg and shoulder.”

dwelling. Shall it be in the air? shall it be in the waters? If I seek to build it in the air, where shall I lay its foundation? if I fix it in the waters, it will be swept away by the currents."

"Suddenly the south wind blows up the storm, and the waves roll in from the west; they upraise the venerable Wainamoinen, and cast him on the shore of Pohjola, the dark region where men are devoured, where heroes are swallowed up.

"And he said:

"Woe to me, unfortunate, woe to me! borne by the waves so far from my native land, into strange and fatal regions, into unknown paths. Here all trees wound, boughs tear, and branches lacerate,—here all the evils of the world roam loose.

"What road must I follow? I know not that which leads back to my home, to my beloved land. The path on which I am leads to a forest. Onkelvoinen hath bewildered me.

"Oh, Matha-Teppo, god of pathways, come to my aid! mark out the road with posts, carve signs upon the trees, so that the lost hero may regain his way, and return in safety to the home of his country.

“Louhi, the hostess of Pohjola, the toothless crone of Pohja, had risen early.”

* * * *

“Suddenly she pauses and gives ear, she looks afar into the plain. A plaintive wail is wafted from the sea shore.—It is not the cry of a child, nor the sorrowing voice of a woman.

“It is the cry of a beared hero, the cry of Uvontolainen (*another name for Wainamoinen*).

“Louhi the hostess of Pohjola Louhi the toothless crone of Pohja, launches her three-planked bark upon the water and rows up to Wainamoinen.”

“She finds him weeping, overcome with pain. His mouth is contracted, his beard quivers, his lips are closed, his teeth clenched.

“Louhi the hostess of Pohjola, Louhi the toothless crone of Pohja consoles the hero. She makes him sit in the bark next to the rudder, whilst she plies the oar, and makes for the entrance of Pohjola.”

“There she feeds the hero, she pours him out drink, and when he is saved from death she speaks to him and interrogates him :

“Why dost thou weep, Wainamoinen ; why dost thou complain Uvontolainen ?

“Wainamoinen, the venerable and the valiant, replies : I am sad and weary, strange, in a strange land, unknown upon an unknown path. I weep ceaseless tears ; in sighs I consume my existence, because the waves have borne me far from my home, far from my beloved regions, towards this unknown threshold of a strange land.

“Then Louhi said : Weep not, oh Wainamoinen ; weep not Uvontolainen ! it is meet that thou shouldst spend here thy life in this pleasant dwelling, in the midst of the daughters of Pohja, eating the meats which are offered thee, and drinking ale from the cup.

“But the venerable Wainamoinen made answer : The food of a strange land tastes without flavour to me, even under a hospitable roof. Man is better, greater in his own country. Oh Creator ! permit me thither to return. In one's native home, water drank from the bark of the tree tastes sweeter than the ale of the stranger sparkling in the cup.

“Well, said the hostess of Pohjola, what wilt thou give me if I lead thee back to thine own country ; back within the boundary of thine own field ; back within the walls of thine own dwelling ?”

“And the venerable Wainamoinen answered :
What wilt thou require of me, for leading me back
to the regions where I can hear the note of the
cuckoo, where I can hear the crowing of my cock,
and see the steam of my bath up-rising from my
native hearth ?”

The old crone then asks the god-hero to make for
her a *sampo*,—an article which has puzzled all the
ingenuity of the most learned commentators.
Doctor Lonnrot himself supposes it to be an image
of the god Jumala ; others variously conjecture it
to signify a magic amulet, a new Pandora’s box ;
or simply one of the hand-mills still used in
Iceland, Norway, and Finland.

Wainamoinen being unable to forge the *sampo*
himself, promises to cause it to be made by
Illmarinen. He says : “I cannot construct you a
sampo with a lid adorned with a thousand colours,
but there is in my country a worker of iron, who
forged the covering of the skies without leaving
thereon either the marks of his pincers, or the
traces of his hammer’s blows.”

Wainamoinen is on this promise allowed to
depart, when he perceives the old crone’s daughter.

“ Oh, she was beautiful, the virgin of Pohjola !
an honour to the earth, a glory to the waves !
She drew upon her legs a red tissue, and shod
her feet with precious sandals. She arrayed
herself in her most costly habits ; her neck she
encircled with a brilliant necklace, and a jewel
beams upon her bosom. All her person is radiant.
She sits upon the vault of the air, borne aloft
by the rainbow, where she shines sun-like from
afar.

“ Wainamoinen the venerable and the valiant
was hastening rapidly with a lowering brow from
the dark region of Pohjola. He raised his eyes
towards the heavens, and saw there a luminous
arc, and thereupon a beauteous virgin sitting.

“ In her hands were a golden shuttle and a
silver comb, and she was weaving a gold and
silver tissue.”

* * * * *

The god-hero, who becomes upon the spot
enamoured, entreats her to accompany him ; but
the disdainful beauty refuses, unless he will give
her proofs of his skill ; and at the third trial
Wainamoinen, having wounded himself in the
knee, can find no means to staunch the blood.
When all his enchantments fail, in the fourth

rune he seeks out the aid of a sorcerer, but the sorcerer cannot shape the requisite spell because he has forgotten the origin of iron.

“The venerable Wainamoinen made answer : I can tell thee the origin of iron ;—I know the origin of steel. Three children derive their origin from a common source,—water the elder born, fire the younger, and iron which is aged between.

“Fire displayed its fury ;—the imperious flames shot forth, spreading horror through the world. In that year of desolation, the lands were all burned up, the marshes all consumed ;—in that fearful summer which devoured with fire whose traces are indelible, all created things in nature, fire sought a refuge wherein to hide.

“Then the old man roared out from the depths of his smithy, and said :

“Where did iron hide—where did it find a refuge in that year of desolation—in that fearful summer which devoured all created things in nature?”

Wainamoinen having shown the numerous places in which the iron found refuge, amongst which he names a cloud, the summit of an oak, and lastly a marsh, in which it was found by the Finnish Vulcan, continues :—

“It was taken into the workshop of the great artisan, of Illmarinen the eternal blacksmith, who said: If I put thee into the fire—into the furnace of my forge, thou wilt become more arrogant, more great; thou wilt spread abroad terror, thou wilt kill thy brother, thou wilt shed the blood of the son of thy mother!”

Then the iron in the furnace of the forge, beneath the blows of the hammer, swore as follows:—

“I have trees to split—I have the heart of rocks to hew; no, I will not kill my brother, I will not shed the blood of my mother’s son.

“And the workman Illmarinen the eternal forger of iron, threw the iron into the hottest part of the furnace, he fashioned it when soft upon his anvil; but before he dipped it into the water to temper it, he tasted with his tongue the creative juices of the steel—the water hardening the iron, and said:

“This water is impotent to create steel, or harden iron. Oh! *Mehilainen*—friendly bird; fly hence on thy light wings! traverse all the nine seas which divide us, and half the tenth; fly over the lands, the marshes and the ocean-

straits bring back in thy bill, and on thy feathers, the honey distilled from seven blades of grass, from the petals of six flowers, that I may therewith make the steel and give the iron hardness. But the bird of Hisii (the hell-bird) took wing, and lingering round the dwelling, and beneath the eaves, watched whilst the steel was being made,—the iron hardening.

“ It brought the poison of blood,—it brought the black juices of the worm, which its lizard-like eyes had seen crawling, and the hidden venom of the snake, for the steel which was being made, and for the iron which was hardening.

“ Then the artisan Ilmarinen, the eternal blacksmith, thought that the bird had brought the honey and the sweet juices he had asked for ; and he said : This is good for the preparation of steel, for the hardening of iron.

“ But after a moment,—a brief moment, the iron quivers with anger—it roars—it writhes ; and forgetful of its oaths, devours like a dog its plighted faith. It kills its brother,—it destroys its mother’s son,—it plunges into palpitating flesh, and demeans itself so furiously that blood overflows in torrents.

“ The old man roars out from the depths of his

smithy ; his beard bristles up with a rustling sound, and he shakes his head, saying :—

“ Now ! now ! I know the origin of iron, and its fatal destiny. Woe to thee, wretched iron ! woe to thee, vile Scoria ! Art thou so haughty that thou hast outraged nature and destroyed ?

“ Thou wert not so mighty,—thou wert nothing, when thou wert stagnant water,—when thou wert reposing in the mud of the boundless marsh, or on the summit of the rock.

“ Thou wert not so mighty,—thou wert nothing, when drawn from the morass, sifted from the clay of the earth, and dried from the dampness of the waters ; thou wert not so mighty,—thou wert nothing, vile Scoria, when bubbling in the furnace, or when beneath the hammer’s blows thou didst swear thy oath. Thy heart has become bad, — suffering hath corrupted thee. Wretch that thou art, thou hast violated thy oath and devoured like a dog thy plighted faith ! Who prompted thee to such a crime ? Who persuaded thee to an act so fearful ? Was it thy father, was it thy mother ? Was it the eldest of thy brothers, or the youngest of thy sisters ?

* * * * *

“ No, thou alone hast done the evil,—thou alone committed the crime of *Kalma* !” (carnage).

Having discovered the origin of iron, a knowledge which was a necessary ingredient of his charm, the old sorcerer proceeds to stop the hemorrhage of the god-hero's wound.

He calls on Lempo to place his broad finger on the opening; "to place a door on the fearful doorway; and he says:

"Pause, oh blood! cease in thy flow,—suspend thy rapid current,—coagulate into a wall."

* * * * *

"If thou art irresistibly hurried forward, then dash on through the flesh and bones; it is more meet and fitting to flow through the flesh, to fill the swelling veins, and to bubble in the bones, than to run on the ground and be in the dust defiled.

"Thy place is in the heart,—thy seat beneath the lungs. Oh blood! without delay turn back thy current thither,—cease, oh my beloved, cease to waste abroad thy purple.

"If nevertheless thou wilt not tarry, then remember that the falls of Tyrian paused,—that the torrent *Juurtunan* staid its rushing waters,—that sea and skies were dried in the great year of desolate sterility, that year of inextinguishable fire,

“ If all this will not persuade thee, then I know another charm. I will take a vase of Hisii, the cauldron of Helvetti, in which blood is boiled, and made solid, so that it may not flow upon the earth or escape in streams.

“ Then the old man seized the extremities of the veins and counted them.”—*Fourth Rune.*

There are two things remarkable in this tradition of the origin of iron ; firstly, the proof it affords, that the volcanic formations of the earth had not escaped the notice of the Finns, though most other people appear in their traditions only to have observed the Neptunian ; and secondly, the progress they had made in surgery, evinced by binding up the arteries, and the conjecture of the circulating of the blood.

Wainamoinen being cured, seeks out Illmarinen, to send him to construct the *sampo*, which he has promised to the crone of Pohjola. Illmarinen refuses to venture into that dreaded region, and Wainamoinen therefore raises a whirlwind by his enchantments, which carries the eternal blacksmith thither. Illmarinen becomes enamoured too of Louhi's daughter ; and works at the *sampo* day and night.

Another suitor—a mortal—the rash young

Loumikainen, however, seeks her hand, in spite of all the prayers of the witch his mother. The cruel beauty sends him to undertake labours in which he too succumbs like Wainamoinen, but he is killed, carried into the depths of the waters, and dismembered by the children of *Tuoni*.

His sorrowing mother seeks him out, she asks tidings of him of the mountain path, of the sun and of the moon. They answer her; and through their directions she gathers up his limbs, and by the help of the beneficent bird Mehilainen infuses into them fresh life.

Meanwhile Wainamoinen is wending his way towards Pohjola, to seek the hand of the daughter of Louhi; but he has forgotten the three magic words which can lead him thither, and he wanders vainly about seas and different regions. At length he bethinks him that they are known to the giant Wipunen, but the giant Wipunen has been long dead and buried. His bones are rock, his mouth and entrails a cave, his beard a forest. He will not answer till Wainamoinen enters into his body and tortures him, and then gives up his secret.

Wainamoinen, by means of the spell he has acquired, reaches Pohjola; but the daughter of

Louhi prefers Illmarinen to his brother, and gives him her hand.

Loumikainen, the third suitor, whom the skill of his mother has recovered from death, arrives too late, and is detained at his return on an enchanted island.

Illmarinen returns with his bride, and buys a slave, Kullervo, who when three days old had rent his swaddling clothes, and climbed upon the house-top. Kullervo is sent by the wife of Illmarinen into the woods and fields to tend the flocks; she makes him a loaf, the upper part is of wheaten flour, the under of barley, but in the middle there is a stone. The slave, to revenge himself, instead of driving home the cattle, calls the bears, the wolves, and the lynxes, who devour his mistress.

The widower Illmarinen laments his loss, and to console himself forges a wife of gold and silver; but he cannot confer upon her the gift of speech, and when he takes her to his couch she imparts to his bosom a death-like chillness.

The stone in the bread of the slave, and the cheerless frigidity of the gold and silver spouse which the Finnish Vulcan makes to himself, are both full of significance as allegorical of the

danger of harshness and cruelty towards dependents, and of the discomforts of an interested union.

Illmarinen and Wainamoinen, learning the happiness which the *sampo* they have made for Louhi confers upon the region of Pohjola, determine to carry it off.

“The workman *Illmarinen* then puts on his armour. He dons a hauberk of iron, and girdles himself round with an iron belt. He says: Man is better in a cuirass, mightier in an iron tunic, more powerful in a belt of steel.”

* * * * *

“As they follow the road through the solitary forest, they hear the moans of a vessel,—of a bark lamenting.”

“*Wainamoinen* the venerable and the valiant, said: I hear a vessel’s moans, I hear a bark lamenting. Shall we use that bark to cross the waters, or shall we traverse on our steeds the sea-shore’s sand? And the artisan *Illmarinen* replied: The route by land is most safe. The sea is the sojourn of death, there may the tempest overtake, the gush of the winds overturn us, and our

fingers may be changed to oars, our hands to rudders.

“And the venerable *Wainamoinen* made answer: Though the land route may be more safe, it is longer and more tedious. Joy tenants the bark when it careers on the wild waves, when it breasts the open seas, or tempts the dangers of the narrow straits. The light wind wafts it, the zephyr plays with it, and it is urged onwards by the blast of mid-day.

“He threw his reins from him and drew near unto the bark, to the bark that was lamenting.

“And he said: Why dost thou mourn, oh bark of wood? Is it because thou art too heavy,—because thou art ill-constructed?

“And the wooden bark replied: The bark sighs for the wave as the bride sighs for the house of the bridegroom. I do not mourn because too heavily fashioned, or because ill-constructed, but I mourn because when men built me it was promised me that I should roam a gallant war-boat, that I should be led to distant combats, and brought back laden with rich spoil.

“But I have never been led to combat; I have never yet been launched upon the seas; and yet other barks, worse constructed, are being led con-

stantly to battle, and return laden with more corn than a king gathers in six harvests ; with more gold than the blacksmith earns in seven summers. And here am I the boat of Wainamoinen, left alone to rot and perish on the spot where I was built. The gnawing earth-worm eats into my timbers, and every foul bird of the air within me builds its nest.

“ Ah ! it would have been a fate far better—a thousand times better for me if I had been left still a pine upon the hill, or a birch-tree in the valley, with the squirrel disporting in my branches, or the birds fluttering joyfully amidst my leaves.”

They embark in the boat, and steer towards Pohjola. On their way thither they meet Louimainen, who joins in this expedition.

Their boat is suddenly stopped ; they discover that they are aground on the back of an enormous fish.

“ Wainamoinen having severed in twain the monstrous pike, on which his boat was stranded, says :

“ What could be made of the teeth of this mighty fish, if given to a cunning artificer ?

Illmarinen asks :—

“ What could be made out of such a worthless thing, even by a skilful workman ? ”

The venerable Wainamoinen replies : “ A skilful artificer would therewith construct a chantal ” (musical instrument.)

But no artificer was found skilful enough to make the chantal.

“ Then the venerable Wainamoinen set to work himself. Whence hath he drawn the stuff whereof to make the sonorous body of the instrument ? From the forest filled with the wild plum-tree, and with the resounding timber of the pine. Whereof hath he made the pegs of the chantal ? From the teeth of the monstrous pike—of the fish which is already the slave of *Tuoni* (death.) Little is now wanting to complete the chantal. A nerve and a couple of silken strings. Wherewith will Wainamoinen contrive these chords ? With hairs from the mane of the hell-horse ; from the hide of Lemmo’s stallion.

“ The instrument is complete ; the chantal is ready.

“ Wainamoinen the valiant and the venerable now orders the old men to sing. They sing, but

their heads shake with a palsied motion ; joy is not re-echoed by joy ; the song is not re-echoed by the song.

“ Wainamoinen the valiant and the venerable orders the young men to sing. They sing, but their cramped fingers draw from the instrument inharmonious tones ; and mournful sound the joyous accents of the song.

* * * * *

“ Then Wainamoinen the venerable and the valiant laves his thumbs and purifies his fingers ; he sits him down by the sea-side, upon the stone of joy, upon the silvery hill, on the summit of the golden mountain, and taking up the instrument, he says : Let those who have never known the joy of the *runes*, nor the melody of the instrument, let them draw near and listen.

“ And the old Wainamoinen begins to sing ; his voice rises clear and liquid, his fingers play lightly over the strings of the chanted ; joy answers joy ; the song responds unto the song.

“ There is no beast in the forest, no living thing in the air, which does not hasten up at the singer of runes, to listen to his melodious voice, to revel in the harmony of his song.

“ The wolf quits the sedges in which he was prowling, the bear emerges from his den in the

roots of an overturned pine-tree, they climb a hedge,—the hedge is borne down and broken by their weight; the one ascends the trunk of a pine, the other climbs a birch-tree, whilst Wainamoinen sings and gives birth to joy.

“ The black-bearded old man, the noble king of the forest, all the host of *Tapio* hasten up to listen. The very hostess of the woods herself, the fearless woman of Tapiola, dons her blue hose, arrays herself in red ribbons, ascends into the trunk of a hollow birch, lending a wondering ear to the god's song.

“ There is no beast of the forest—no bird of the air, which does not hasten to hear the marvellous art of the musician, the melody of the singer,

“ The eagle descends from the clouds, the falcon swoops down through the air, the sea-gull wings its way from the sullen marsh, the swan from the bosom of the limpid waters; the lively linnet, the swift-winged lark, and the merry goldfinch, come to perch upon the shoulders of the god-hero.

“ The beauteous virgins of the air, the sun dazzling in splendour, and the soft-rayed moon, have alike paused to listen at the further end of

a long light cloud, in the luminous vault of heaven. There they were weaving the wonderful texture of the skies, with a golden shuttle and a silver comb, when astonished by the strange voice and the melodious accents of the hero's song.

"The comb of silver fell from their hands, the golden shuttle breaking the threads of the woof, escaped from their fingers. All the living things of the waters, all the fishes waving at once their myriad fins, swam up to hear the voice of Wainamoinen, to listen to the harmony of his song.

"The salmon and the trout, the pike and the seal, the large fishes and the small, draw as near as possible to the voice of the charmer.

"Ahto, the king of the waves, the old man with the green beard of weeds, rises up on a water-lily to the surface of the deep.

"The fruitful hostess of the seas was combing her long hair with a comb of gold. She hears the song of *Suomi*, and the comb falls from her hands; wondering and agitated, she can remain no longer in the deep, but makes for shore; there with her breast against a rock she listens, panting, to the sounds of Wainamoinen's chantal, wherewith the hero's voice mingles its melody. She listens because the sounds were so sweet, the voice so full of harmony.

" There is neither woman nor hero, nor man
so hardened, as to hear them without tears.

* * * * *

" Old Wainamoinen himself felt the well of
his tears overflowing. They soon fell from his
eyes more numerous than the berries on the hill.

* * * * *

They fell from his cheeks on to his breast,
from his breast to his knees, from his knees on to
his feet, and from his feet they rolled in the dust.

* * * * *

" The tears of Wainamoinen flow in a stream
to the sea-shore, from the sea-shore into the
depths of the ocean, where they sink in its dark
sands.

" There flowering, they were changed to pearls,
the pearls which adorn the diadems of kings, and
become the delight of warriors.

" Whereupon the venerable Wainamoinen said :
Is there amongst these youths, or these daughters
of illustrious lineage, any one who will dive into
the deep sea, into the region of its dark sands, to
gather as they fall those tears of mine ?

" But young and old made answer : There is
none amongst us who dare dive into the dark deep
sea, in the region of its dark sands, to gather up
thy tears.

“Then, a sea-mew with blue-tinted plumage dipped its bill in the cold waters, gathering the pearls into which Wainamoinen’s tears had grown, from the deep sea, in the region of the dark sand.”—*Twenty-second Rune.*

It is impossible not to be struck with the close resemblance of this legend, to the myth of the Greek Orpheus.

These new Argonauts seize the sampo, and bear it off in their boat; but the sorceress Louhi appeals to Ukko, the god of the waters, who raises a tremendous tempest, in the midst of which she pursues them. Wainamoinen hurls at her a rock, which splits her bark. She then changes into an eagle, and seizes on the sampo with her talons. Wainamoinen lays about him with an oar, and crushes all her claws, excepting one, in which she bears off the lid of that mysterious article yecept the sampo. The remainder falls into the water. The sorceress then buries the sun and the moon in the side of a mountain. In vain Ilmarinen forges one of gold and another of silver, they give no light. At length he makes an iron collar for the crone; and then, alarmed, he replaces them in the heavens.

"Oh fair moon!" says Wainamoinen, "thou art now delivered from the bondage of the rock. Resplendent sun, thou art arisen from the inside of the mountain!"

* * * * *

"Thus rise each day, giving fertility to our fields, good fortune to our nets, and success to our hunters. Go onward in thy glory! Proceed in thy bright career, describe thy spendid arc, and when the night approaches set gloriously!"—*Twenty-seventh Rune.*

The struggle between good and evil, the gods and the magicians, is over.

Wainamoinen returning from a vain search after his lost chantal, pauses before a burned forest.

"There he looks round him, he listens, and he hears the birch-tree mourning and lamenting. And he said, Why dost thou weep, why dost thou complain, oh tree of the green foliage, tree belted with white bark! Is it because thou art not led to battle?"

"The birch tree replies with wisdom: There are many who laud my happiness, who speak only of my joys. Alas! unfortunate that I am,

I rejoice even in my sufferings and my sorrow ; it is only when pain grows unendurable that I complain.

“ Oh, now I deplore my unhappy fate, for I find myself without support or help on this accursed spot, in this unsheltered clearing. Cruel and pitiful is my fate. The shepherds tear me in the summer, they cut through my white robes, and drain out all my sap.”

The songster here makes allusion to the custom prevalent throughout the north, of making in the spring an incision in the bark of the birch-tree, and extracting from it the sweet juices, then abounding, which when fermented constitute the native wine of these hyperborean regions.

“ Often too,” continues the birch-tree, “ in this accursed spot, in this burned field, I am deprived of my small boughs, and cut up piecemeal.

“ Thrice during this summer, beneath the shade of my branches, men have sat sharpening their axes and conspiring against my head.

“ This is why I spend my life in weeping and lamenting, for I am helpless, I am unprotected against the tempest, against the storms of winter.

"Each year grief changes me before my time. My head is bowed down with care, my bark grows white when I think on the frost, and on the accursed times. The storm brings me suffering, the cold brings fatal days. The tempest tears my flanks, strips me of all my leaves, and leaves me thus nakedly exposed to all its rigour."

"Then the venerable Wainamoinen said: Oh green birch tree, weep not, for I will change thy mourning into joy, thy days of sorrow into days of happiness.

"And the venerable Wainamoinen cut the branches of the birch, and of their wood he made him a new chantal."

* * * * *

He is seeking chords for his instrument.

"A young virgin was weeping in a burned forest, she was the most beautiful girl in the whole vale. She was not overwhelmed with grief, but only oppressed with melancholy, and she sang to beguile the weariness of the hour whilst waiting for a suitor.

"The venerable Wainamoinen saw the tears of the gentle girl, and he said: Oh virgin, make me a gift, give me five of thy beauteous hairs, give me six of them, so that I may therewith make sweet strings for my chantal.

“And the virgin gave him five of her beauteous hairs, and she gave him six ; and Wainamoinen made with them sweet strings for his chantal.”

* * * * *

The Finnish Orpheus sings to his new instrument :

“And when he went out into the woods the pines bowed towards him, the firs saluted him, and the birch-trees inclined their summits to the earth. When he walked out into the fields, where all was charred with fire, the flowers sprang up, and the grass grew green beneath his footsteps.”—*Twenty-ninth Rune.*

Wainamoinen becomes enamoured of the virgin ; but her brother, the young Joukahainen, defies him ; he struggles with him in enchantments, and succumbs to the power of the god-hero. In his agony he offers him his bow, his courser, and at length his sister, which the god accepts.

“The sister of the young Joukahainen went into the woods to cut some branches and to gather leaves.”

* * * * *

"Then the venerable Wainamoinen said to her :
Grow up, bearing me, and not other men, in thy
thoughts. Grow in thy gorgeous vestments, in thy
tunics of fine wool, and eat of bread kneaded from
the purest wheat.

"The virgin hied her home, sobbing and weep-
ing. Her father said to her : Why weepest thou,
my child ? why art thou sorrowful, my gentle
daughter ?

"And she replied : I weep, oh my father, because
I have lost the silver *cross* suspended from my neck,
and the buckle of gold which bound my girdle."

* * * * *

"And her mother said to her : Why weepest
thou, my poor child ?

"Oh, my mother ! I have cause to weep ; I
went into the forest to cut branches and to gather
leaves. Suddenly *Osmonen* rose from the valley,
Kalevainen from the bottom of the marsh. Young
girl, said he, grow up, bearing me and no other
men in thy thoughts.

* * * * *

"After three nights her mother came for her, and
said : Why weepest thou, my child ? why dost
thou mourn, my daughter ?

"I weep, oh my mother, because I do not

wish to marry Wainamoinen. I do not wish to become the stay of a decrepid old man,—the companion of his heart. Oh! I would sooner plunge into the deep waters and become the sister of the otter, or of the fishes. It is sweet to dive into the sea, to inhabit under the wave, to live as the sister of the otter, and of the fishes.

“And the young girl entered her wardrobe, and she opened her richest presses, and arrayed herself in the most gorgeous attire, and then she plunged into the deep waters to become the sister of the otter, and of the fishes.

“Three nights after her mother came into her chamber: Oh! where is my daughter? My poor child is dead! She has gone into the deep waters to become the sister of the fishes and of the otter, and the otter and the fishes are now devouring their sister.”—*Thirty-first Rune.*

* * * * *

The last rune introduces Mariatta.

“The beautiful child who grew apace in her lofty hall. The door-frame delighted in the contact of her soft vestments, and of the long ringlets of her silky hair; whilst the ground felt flattered by the tread of her light feet.

* * * * *

"On the hill a little berry hung suspended to a bough,—a small red berry :

"Come, oh gentle virgin, it said, and pluck me ; oh young girl bedecked with a tin buckle, come before the worm hath destroyed, or the snake defiled me.

"She plucks off the berry, which rises from the ground to her waist, from her waist to her bosom, from her bosom to her lips, and thence it is taken into her breast. She conceives, and brings it into the world a child.

"She laid it in a manger on the hay, dried in the summer's sun."

* * * * *

Such were evidently the first confused traditions of Christianity, which penetrated amongst the pagan Suomi.

"The venerable Wainamoinen, the eternal singer of runes, approached and said :

"Take out the child into a marsh, crush its head, and bruise its limbs with a sledge hammer.

"But the child a fortnight old, said to him : Old man who comest from so far,—rune-singer of Karjala, thou hast pronounced rash judgment, and hast unjustly interpreted the law.

“And the priest christened the child, and crowned it king of the forest, and gave it the custody of the isle of treasures.

“Then the antique Wainamoinen reddening with shame and anger, sang the last song; he built himself a boat of bronze,—a bark with a keel of iron; on this bark he steered away into ethereal space, up to the regions of the lower heavens.

“There his boat anchored,—there his voyage ceased. But he has left upon the earth his chantal, and his mighty runes, to the eternal delight of Finland.”

So, after these confused allusions to the Virgin Mary, the infant Jesus, the manger in the stable of Bethlem,—the visit of the wise men, and the persecution of Herod, the Kalevala concludes, typifying the disappearance of the old gods of its mythology before the new light which had arisen.

The Kanteletar, so called from the instrument denominated chantal, is a collection of fugitive pieces, composed long since the introduction of Christianity, down to the present day, by the Finnish peasantry, and gathered during five years

of exertion, by Doctor Lönnrot, the editor of the *Kalevala*.

Every event of the peasant's life, his joys, his hopes, his sorrows, his fears, his rural occupations, and the pastoral scenes in which his existence passes are all chronicled in these disjointed fragments, which, imbued with a profound tinge of melancholy, are more remarkable for harmony and fluency, than for originality or depth of thought.

The following may be taken as a fair specimen.

THE LAMENT OF THE BRIDE.

“ When I return from the fountain, I hear the song of two birds. If I were a bird, if I could sing, I would sing on every bough, and give life to every bush.

“ Above all I would sing when the poor or sorrowing passed me, and I would be silent when the happy and the rich went by.

“ How is grief to be known? Oh, grief may easily be told! Those who suffer timidly complain, whilst the happy are triumphant.

“ What was thought and said of me, when I chose a bridegroom out of my native land, and turned my back upon my home?

"Now I am in a strange land, and on an unknown spot.

"Better is a little water in one's own country than ale drank from a silver vessel in the land of the stranger.

"If, as so many others have, I had only a horse to harness in a sledge, the trappings and the reins, I would take the reins lightly in my hand, and I would speed,—speed without tarrying, till I saw the the fields of Savolax, and the smoke uprising from my father's roof."

THE LOVERS.

"Wilt thou come with me, oh my beloved?
Wilt thou come and be happy with me?"

"What happiness canst thou offer me; thy hands are empty, thy pockets are empty?"

"But, with these empty hands I can bear thee off into the forest shade, into the silent plains, far from the world and its envious eye, and there watch tenderly over thee.

"But, whither shall we go, and whither wilt thou build our dwelling?"

"There is still room enough in our own Finland. Wilt thou come with me into the uninhabited fields? Wilt thou follow me into the

forest like a joyous bird? There I will raise thee up a dwelling, where the wind shall rock thee, and where I will delight thee with my song. I will build thee a bower of fruit-trees, a bed of ash, and my song shall nurse thee to a slumber of sweet dreams."

No doubt innumerable volumes of such poems as abound in the Kanteletar, might be collected in Finland; for whatever ideas we may form of the south, as the fitting home of the muses, it is worthy of remark, that two of the northernmost countries of Europe are distinguished beyond all others in the world by the passionate devotion of their inhabitants to some of the pursuits of these divinities.

No people in Europe are so fond of dancing as the Norwegians, or of song as the Finns. Every hamlet in Finland has its one, or many poets, who improvise on every incident; writing their effusions down when they can write, and transmitting them orally when unacquainted with the use of letters.

It may, however, be doubted, whether this universal passion for improvisation, and the facility for succeeding in it, afford any great promise of poetic talent. Amongst the lower

order of Spaniards and Italians, who possess it in a less degree than the Finns, it appears, as with the Finns, rather a result of the love of song, that is to say of the harmony of unmeaning words, than of any poetic gift.

We are often struck with surprise at the utter want of sense, coherence, or elevation of sentiment, expressed in the songs of these natural improvisators, which, if conveyed in sounds that strike the ear, are treasured up by them.

Few that have travelled in the south of Europe, have not been woefully disappointed with the common-place vulgarity of the thoughts expressed by these spontaneous songsters, or can fail to have been struck with the indifference and obtuseness to anything but sound, of the populations amongst whom they abound. These people, in fact, are rather musicians than poets; and though music is classed as a sister art with poetry, ought we not to consider it as a very childish sister?

Is it not the lowest expression of human mind, since it may be only indicative of a sensation, not of an idea; like the sounds which animals emit, however harmoniously, as in the nightingale?

The national fondness of the Finnish nation for versification, to which it is farther tempted

by the exceeding harmony and softness of its language; affords, therefore, no reason why we should expect any remarkable beauty or sublimity in its compositions.

The higher, middle, and learned classes amongst the Finns, the clergy, and the inhabitants of the coast, are of Swedish name, origin, and aspect; they write and speak in that language. In all other respects, thoroughly identified with the population, they occupy in that country the same position as the English race in Wales.

These classes have indeed furnished two distinguished poets, Franzen and Runeberg, who have written in Swedish, besides several of minor merit.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SCLAVONIC AND GERMANIC RACES.

THE origin of the Slavonians, and their dissemination over Europe, as will be seen in a subsequent chapter, is much more ancient than was formerly supposed; but this consideration is of little importance in treating of the present condition of this family, at the moment when everywhere rising in antagonism to the Germanic race, with which it had been so long violently blent, repudiating its influence and its civilization, and threatening perhaps a struggle, and certainly vast political changes, throughout all that portion of Europe which these two races occupy.

The author is not amongst those who, blinded by the fact that a strong instinct of nationality has often preserved the liberties and existence of

a people, view such national feeling with unqualified admiration, whether it relate to an innumerable people, or to an insignificant tribe. On the contrary, he regards it only as one of those barbarous means by which beneficial results have been produced in a comparatively barbarous age, as it is to be hoped even our own will rank by contrast with succeeding centuries; a means which, if not eventually laid by, will prove more fatal to the advance of human progress, than it has ever been restrictive of those despotisms so pernicious in all ages to the enlightenment of mankind.

This principle of nationality and patriotism is not one of those immutable truths, which, like parallel lines, produced as far as the human mind can imagine, still remain unchanged; but if adopted without limitation, narrows into evident absurdity. If abstractedly correct, Wales, England, and Scotland, would be better separate and independent. By the same rule every county in those countries, and all the former provinces of France might be beneficially divided. Districts of these,—towns, villages, and sections of cities, might find their individual advantage in disunion. From the parish, the circle would diminish to the family, and thus society return to a savage state,

from which it is obvious that it has only emerged by the adoption of the diametrically opposite principle of fraternisation.

The wise and salutary limitations which have been opposed to the extension of this principle, owe their origin to causes which are daily disappearing ; and their present boundaries, fixed contrary to the spirit of the gospel (which only tolerates them on the plea of self-preservation,) must be incessantly removed as that necessity becomes more distant. Though, therefore, the national feeling of the Greek mountaineers, of the Albanians, the Servians and Montenegrins, has proved beneficial as arresting the progress of the Ottoman despotism ; though the patriotism of the Circassians and of the Swedes bounds on two sides the march of Russia's desolating rule, whilst the unquenchable nationality of Poland threatens its vitality ;—such a feeling derives its relatively beneficial importance only from the uses to which it happens to be turned. It is a hurtful arm, which tyrants have often successfully wielded, here applied against tyranny ; but which, when not so employed, or when its uses shall have passed away, can prove only injurious to the interests of humanity.

Entertaining these convictions, the author must necessarily consider the amalgamation of all distinct tribes, races, and nations, as a happy event, and regard every nationality buried as a benefit to society. But it must be fairly dead before inhumed ; else notwithstanding all the earth heaped upon it, it will rise in sanguinary resurrection from the grave in which it has been violently laid, to commence a fearful struggle with its oppressors. Such has been the case betwixt the Germans and Slavonians. Whilst the races previously occupying Great Britain have been mingled into one harmonious whole with the Saxon and the Scandinavian ; in France, the Frank in a like manner with the Gaul, the Burgundian with the Provençal and Breton ; a considerable portion of the Slavonic people has been mixed for ages with the Germanic, or since submitted to German influence or domination. Divided, unconscious of its own existence, and plunged in barbarism and ignorance, it afforded the fairest chances to the dominant people of assimilating this foreign element which has ever yet been offered in the history of the world. And yet, what do we find with the first faint gleams of enlightenment breaking in on these Slavonians ? a tendency of repulsion

so inherent, that ages have not modified it, at once exhibiting itself, and urging them irresistibly to separate from the ungenial union into which they have been forced.

The present Slavonic family, with its 85 millions, including 30 millions of Muscovites,—which may give some idea of its former proportionate extent,—cannot be said, with the exception of the Poles, ever to have trod within the pale of civilisation; and amongst the Poles, its benefits were confined to a turbulent and exclusive nobility, which, even now, numbers only three millions. The Germans, on the contrary, were one of the earliest European nations who enjoyed its full advantages. During a thousand years, in common with France and England, they have basked in all the light which knowledge has shed upon the world. The Slavonians are only now awakening from the darkness of past centuries. The Germanic race has hence been enabled to assume a superiority which nature has not given it, over the Slavonic; and which the latter now indignantly rebuts as an unjustifiable usurpation. It emerges from its ignorance in a spirit of antipathy to its late lords, and turns from them with a withering contempt, to seek its civilisation from the west.

This contempt for everything Germanic, universally prevalent amongst all branches of the Slavonic family, is expressed in all its modern literature, whether Polish, Russian, Ruthenian, Serbian, or Bohemian. It is not the hatred engendered by the instinct of political antagonism, because the Slavonians of the Turkish empire have felt and expressed in very different tones their hatred, unmingled with contempt, towards their Turkish rulers. It arises not from the adversity of interest, but from an antithesis of character, and from the indignation natural to a sense of moral and intellectual superiority, which had long bowed to an arrogant mediocrity.

The intrinsic superiority to which the Slavonians pretend over that which civilisation has adventitiously enabled the Germans to assert, appears to the author to be full of reality; and perhaps the reader may feel disposed to share in his conviction, when he briefly contrasts the condition of the Slavonic family, scarce emerging from barbarism, with the state of the German people, on whom civilisation has lavished all its advantages. It is however imperative on the author to say a few words on the popular ideas entertained in England, with regard to Germany,

before entering further on an ungrateful theme, which in treating of the Slavonians it was nevertheless impossible to avoid ; firstly, because the western public has derived its notions of the Slavonians principally through the intermedium of German jealousies, political, national, and literary ; and secondly, because of the prodigious importance of the growing antagonism, and the increase of the repulsive instinct between these races.

A strange concatenation of prejudices,—in which the author, whose education was partly German, once shared,—has led the English to imagine analogies, and has given rise to predilections which have no foundation, and therefore vanish on more intimate acquaintance.

Through the ignorance of our historians, the popular belief attributed to the Germans a relationship with ourselves much more close than had any real existence. The nation boasts even now (under the name of Saxon) of its supposed German origin. This historical misconception has been strengthened by a political prejudice. The Saxon blood is supposed to flow in the veins of the people, and to have inspired through ages its sturdy independence, whilst the progeniture of the

Norman is looked upon as an obtrusive element linked with every un-English feeling.

Our writers, filled with prejudice, and irritated at the French names and language of the Normans, (who little more than a century before had come from the north to conquer Normandy,) resorted to the lying chronicles of the Saxon monks, whose monstrous exaggerations contrast so disadvantageously with the truthful records of the Scandinavians.

The Saxons being first converted to Christianity, had naturally been initiated into the mysteries of the cloister, then the chief depository of the rude learning of the day; and the Saxon monk who had first practised a pious fraud in recording the struggle of his countrymen with the pagan Danes, afterwards, in the manuscript which occupied his hours of leisure, avenged the obscurity of his humble station on his illiterate Norman prior.

The ignorance of our own historians, partly excusable from the want of materials, to which access is now easy, has on this point been fully shared by the French. Napoleon, as first consul, when meditating the invasion of England, caused the celebrated tapestry of Bayeux, re-

presenting the battle of Hastings, the work of a female relative of William the Conqueror's, to be publicly exposed, with the view of inspiring his countrymen to a similar conquest; a mode of encouragement which would have proved more than equivocal, unless its effects had been calculated on the popular ignorance. With our English writers, it has hence occurred, that the Danish element has been lost sight of, notwithstanding the admission that the Danes conquered and settled so large a portion of the country, and that a Danish dynasty for so many reigns governed the whole island.

This Danish, like the Norman element, was indisputably pure Scandinavian; and it is more than doubtful whether the Saxon was not so. If, however, it was not, the striking resemblance of the English, in feature, character, and language, to the Scandinavians of the present day, (the Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians,) proves that it must have far predominated.

As regards personal appearance, the Scandinavians of various ranks, alone of any people in the world may be constantly mistaken for Englishmen. In point of character, the Scandinavian is still rather the man of action than of

speculation. The adventurous spirit of the stock of which he comes, termed, as his people were, "The Arabs of the sea," points to an identity of origin with the most enterprising nation in the world, upon the ocean; whilst the Germans, who for a thousand years have scarcely crossed their frontiers, are the least so in Europe. But this identity with the Scandinavians is further proved by the analogy of their language with the pure English, and with all the dialects of the Scotch Lowlands, of the North of England, and of its eastern shores.

The author remembers, in a remote Swedish island, where he first heard Scandinavian spoken, being startled by sentences of north-country, or quite pure English, in the mouths of the Swedish fishermen. For instance, "Cook a potatoe," spoken exactly as an Englishman would pronounce it; whereas in Germany, the same phrase would be, "Koch ein Kartoffle," or, "Kochen sie ein kartoffle."

Predominance of language becomes almost an incontestible proof of predominance of blood, when adopted by the conquered from the conquering people, especially when this people, like the Scandinavians, came by sea usually unaccompanied

by its women, and was so careless of its native tongue, that the followers of Rolf the rover, who knew not a syllable of French when they conquered Normandy, had, in the persons of their grandchildren, forgotten their own language a century after. What an increasing stream of Scandinavian emigrants must therefore have poured in, during several centuries, before their language could become so prevalent.

There is another fact, which the author has elsewhere mentioned, but to which he cannot forbear making here allusion: viz., that the names of the Saxons, even before the first invasion of the Danes, are many of them, not German, but Scandinavian. The Saxons are also frequently mentioned as Saxons and Jutes, and the Jutes or Jutlanders of the present day are Scandinavians. Whether, therefore, the Saxons were absorbed by the Scandinavian influx, or whether in reality a Scandinavian tribe established about the mouths of the Elbe, our relationship to the German people is equally destroyed, unless we refer indeed to that remote identity which at some antecedent period existed between the Germanic and Scandinavian branches; the same as betwixt the Germans and Slavonians, as indeed between all people of Cau-

casian origin. The French are, therefore, quite as nearly, and more certainly allied to the Germans through the Franks, than ourselves. Originally all these boughs, no doubt, branched off from one parent stem; but, if a race sometimes maintains its characteristics for centuries unchanged, we sometimes witness these undergoing rapid modifications. The Frank, Helvetian, and Batavian branches have exhibited striking differences to the main Germanic stem, whilst the Scandinavian has shown itself in many things the very antipodes of the German race; it must be, however, distinctly understood, that the author in speaking of the Germans of the present day, makes no inclusion of the Dutch or Swiss, to whom the Tyrolese may be reckoned as belonging. Since, however, the only justifiable pride of a people, like that of an individual, is to be derived from its own merits, not from those of its ancestry; it would not, in the author's estimation, have been worth while to digress thus far, even to prove a national descent from the most glorious barbarians, instead of a relationship to the most vain-glorious of civilised people, unless this erroneous notion had so strongly influenced our partialities. In addition to the favourable prejudices arising

from this source, England had Protestant sympathies with the north of Germany, at a period when religious zeal was mixed up with social and political interests of the gravest import.

To these succeeded all that were negatively derived from the national hatred towards France, engendered during a long rivalry and a portentous struggle. In this blind enmity everything German found favour in our eyes, as anti-French; and everything un-French is even at the present day regarded in the popular estimation as almost English in its character. A fallacy generally received, attributes to us a popularity in Germany which is quite ideal. The dissimulation which in the German character is the consequence of arbitrary government, confirms the notion by causing persons to profess a friendship for us before our faces, whilst behind our backs, the envy which seems inherent in their dispositions makes them the most bitter of our detractors. The great majority of the French entertain a feeling of hostility towards us, which happily a very small minority amongst ourselves now reciprocate; but the French are ostentatious of their hatred, which before increased intercourse eventually gives way to cordiality and esteem. The Germans, on the con-

trary, meet our advances with an insidious show of partiality, whilst a rancorous jealousy is brooding in their hearts. A more intimate acquaintance with them has usually the effect of disappointing all the predilections of Englishmen in their favour ; it gives rise on the one side to contempt, whilst on the other its expression occasions an increased aversion. The author, of course, here only deals in generalities ; and besides, does not mean to assert, that, entertaining all the dislike which they do towards us, the Germans might not be notwithstanding very admirable people. He has, therefore, only adverted to the circumstance in allusion to the prepossessions which we have founded on the supposed frankness of their character, and their imaginary partiality towards ourselves, whom they assuredly hate more cordially than any other people. There is therefore no reason for any amiable weakness on our part in judging of them, particularly when in reference to a people full of life, vigour, and promise, whom they have hitherto much contributed to keep in obscurity.

The author must here express his appreciation of certain qualities, negative and positive, which the Germans generally possess,—their humanity, their laborious if not active industry, their orderly be-

haviour and reflective habits. Far from not wishing them well, he trusts to see the whole 30 or 35 millions of the German people freed from the yoke of its great and petty princes, and united as it eventually must be into one prosperous state. Of this indeed it is impossible to despair whilst such men as Heinzen, Freiligrath, and Herwegh redeem its apathetic heaviness, and give an impulse to its slumbering patriotism. The contiguity of the territory which it occupies facilitates this arrangement to which its interests point, whilst the prudent timidity of the national character, and its orderly habits, fit it beyond any other in Europe for the enjoyment without abuse of the most unlimited freedom, if not for its attainment. Indeed in support of this argument cannot be adduced too often the example of its emigrants to the United States, transplanted from the despotism of home to the liberty of a turbulent democracy, disproving by their exemplary conduct the intolerant dictum, that those only who have courage to achieve are capable of enjoying freedom.

It is of course impossible to determine how far the national character is acted on by the nature of its government and institutions, or to what extent these are to be considered as the exponents of the

national character ; and it is therefore impossible to foresee what a nation may become under a total change of circumstances ; but as it is absurd to reason on a hypothetical future with a positive past and present before us, whatever hopes we may entertain for Germany, it is of course only on her past and actual condition that our judgment with regard to that country must be based.

Let us examine, as the Slavonians do, the real political and intellectual position which the Germans occupy in Europe.

On the one hand, we find that though an active spirit of investigation has always been characteristic of that people, and though it has been as familiar as any other with all the forms of liberal institutions, ancient and modern, which it has been in the habit of canvassing perhaps more than any other,—though it has been in contact with every species of free government, still it has either positively retrograded, or at least remained stationary where France and England were a century or two centuries ago, whilst advancing on a par with them in intellectual enlightenment. In 1845 these thirty-five millions, identical in habits, interests, and language, and divided only by fictitious nationalities, still linger under the dominion of

arbitrary governments, which, whether avowedly absolute or nominally constitutional, keep the states over which they preside in a political condition which at best can only be compared to that of the British people at home under Queen Elizabeth, and the French under Louis the Fourteenth, but without the *prestige* abroad of their influence or their glory. This people, it must be remembered, is not, either like Spain, Portugal, or Italy, in the decrepitude of an outworn civilisation, which religious bigotry or other causes have forced to retrogression. Neither, keeping pace as it has done in this respect with more favoured countries, is it blind to the manner of its government.

Daily and hourly the German people has for half a century past, shown, as a reference to the whole spirit of its literature will prove, that it was keenly sensible of its condition. None who are thoroughly acquainted with Germany can doubt that now, as ever since the first dawn of the French revolution, the great majority of those who think at all upon this subject are averse to the rule which they so pacifically endure; and yet where do we find one effort made to shake off this yoke beyond the occasional uproar of drunken students, or the nightly conclaves of secret associations, whose conspiracies never explode into action?

It is not only that so vast a nation should not have achieved the freedom it aspires to, which justifies in some measure the contempt of the Sclavonians, but that it should never seriously have attempted it. Its blood has not flowed readily, either on the scaffold or the battle-field, for the national regeneration. Even the ill-combined efforts of restless Italy have been tragically serious compared to all that the whole of Germany has ever done.

If we now turn to the Sclavonians, it is true that for ages, all except the Polish portion of this people, whilst plunged in barbarism and darkness, endured in abject servitude the yoke of the Tartar, Turk, and German, or the tyranny of its domestic princes. The Polish republic, with its freedom fatally anarchic, lasted as it is well known till little more than half a century ago. It is true that this freedom, like that of Sparta, Rome, or the southern states of the American union, only extended to one favoured class which kept the remainder in a state of Helotism; and it may be further urged, that, like the Spartan or Athenian citizens, this free Polish nobility probably belonged originally to a distinct race. This Polish and Ruthenian pea-

santry, however, unequivocally Sclavonic, became equally inspired with the spirit of independence of their lords.

The bloody wars they waged with the Polish patricians—their emigration into the dominions of the Tsars, and the detachment from their parent stem of the different tribes of Cossacs which now stud at intervals the territory which lies between the Baltic and the Pacific ocean,—were all the consequences of their earnest craving for freedom. The Muscovite people itself, in whom the Sclavonic blood is probably much mixed with the Finnish and Mongolian, and which is certainly the most servile and abject of any of the Sclavonic branches, may plead in extenuation of the domestic yoke to which it bows, the profound ignorance of its masses ; whilst its only enlightened class has not submitted without one desperate effort, of which the sincerity has been sealed by the blood of so many victims, and is daily testified by the groans of so many captives in the distant solitudes, or fearful mines of the Siberian deserts.*

In Turkey one portion of the Sclavonians, the Montenegrins, have long since held in absolute in-

* The conspiracy of Pestel and Troubetakoi.

dependence the fastnesses of the Black mountain, whilst after a sanguinary struggle, began by Czerni George, and continued at intervals, Serbia has succeeded in obtaining a government under the protectorate of the Porte, which may be considered as licentious free compared with the least arbitrary of German constitutional states. In Hungary we find the Slavonians already enjoying immunities which are not accorded to the German subjects of Austria's Germanic government. "In fact," said a Slavonian to the author, "if we have not as a race been inspired by the intuitive instinct of freedom, so as to pant after it in the ignorance of our servitude, still, directly the contact with a free race, or the spread of knowledge has taught us its existence, like a cage-bred bird to whom the open skies and the beaming sun is shewn, we have always broken through our prison bars, or beat our breasts against them, regardless of all suffering, in unceasing efforts to bear them down. With the exception of a turbulent class in Poland absorbed in its warlike avocations, it is but a very few years since the first faint gleams of knowledge dawned upon us. In comparing us to the Germans you must remember, therefore, that the growth of

ten centuries has given its cultivation to the soil from which their illustrations have sprung, and added to their stock ; whilst our own are the produce of less than fifty years, if we except one solitary caste of one branch of our numerous people."

Let us, notwithstanding the advantages above cited, now examine the intellectual condition of Germany ; for a nation as eminently speculative as the German, though proven to be little fitted for action, may be expected to have achieved those triumphs of science, art, and genius, which the national mind, like that of individuals, though incapable of practically applying, often successfully elaborates, and of which the idea inspires others far and wide to action.

The tendency of the Germans to philosophic disquisition, their laborious patience as commentators, their perseverance as compilers ; the abstruse learning which, through indefatigable and often indiscriminating diligence, they have succeeded in accumulating, have really enabled them to contribute much to the common stock of human knowledge ; but the nature and gravity of their avocations, the confusion of ideas, rendered more impenetrably obscure by the diffuseness of their

manner of expressing them, together with the great ignorance of their language in France and England, has led the public of those countries to award to the intellect of Germany a much higher place than its merits deserve.

Wherever genius and originality, correctness and profundity, instead of diffuse quantity of thought, have been required, the more narrowly we become acquainted with the reflective or creative mind of Germany, the farther we shall learn to rank it from that of Greece, Italy, England, and France.

The German philosophic system, to which much ephemeral importance has been attached, will be seldom found to contain any new idea by those who have courage enough to wade through the ocean of words into which every thought is diluted, and to penetrate the obscurity in which it is enveloped.

Though more has been spoken, written, and published in German on this subject than perhaps in all the world besides, it is impossible to point out one philosopher who will be remembered fifty years hence, or one of her inquiring spirits whose name will go down to posterity in company with Locke, Newton, or Descartes, to say nothing of the ancients.

In England, where we are apt to judge of their celebrities by their reputation at home, those to whom a name like Hegel's is familiar as that of one of the sages of his country, would scarce believe that the last of this man's philosophic labours were consecrated to prove the perfection and immutability of the French monarchy as established under Charles the Tenth, a demonstration in which he was unfortunately interrupted by the revolution of July, which broke his heart.

Hegel had already satisfactorily shown that the Russian rule in Poland (shortly afterwards overturned) could never change, and he had made it clear that the most liberal and hopeful government which had ever existed was the model government of Prussia.

"Would you believe," says a Slavonic professor, "that Hegel, after professing philosophy during ten years at Berlin, left his auditory uncertain as to whether he believed in the personality of God, the immortality of the soul, or in the existence of an invisible world? What had he then taught them?—and yet it was not chemistry, or natural history, but philosophy which he professed."

If we compare the produce of the German and

Slavonic intellect,—fallow as till the present period the latter has everywhere lain, except amongst a single caste in Poland, and recently in Russia one more contracted still,—we shall not find that of the Slavonians contrast disadvantageously.

Copernicus the Pole may be alone opposed to anything the German scientific world has produced. In literature, assuredly Kozmian the pastoral poet, still living at an extreme old age, and Niemcewicz recently dead, may rank with anything Germany has produced, before the times of Schiller and of Goethe. Will not the works of both Mitzkiavitch and Krasinski bear favourable comparison with the *Faust*, which is lauded as Goethe's most remarkable production?

Is there any other of the German poets or dramatists who could be ranked before Poushkin, the Russian? or does any fabulist of Germany approach the Russian Kriloff? All these questions we must answer negatively.

The obscurity and diffuseness alike characteristic of German works, whether philosophic, scientific, or poetical, are so extreme in their degree as eminently to puzzle an English reader, who cannot, after the comparative concision to

which he has been accustomed in his own language, believe that he has ever seized the full sense of the celebrated German writer he is reading, who, whether prosaist or poet, expressed so little in so great a flow of words. He is hence led to conclude that, as in the oracles of the Sphinx, some hidden meaning which has escaped him, must lurk in the barren sentences of his author; an error which is encouraged by the difficulty of disentangling every thought which they contain from the lumbering periods in which it is conveyed. If gifted with a warm imagination, in endeavouring to divine his author, he not unfrequently invests unmeaning phrases with poetic thoughts of his own creation. The *Faust*, for instance, a remarkable work, contains numerous passages which appear to the ordinary reader trivial and unmeaning, but which the admirers of Goethe, whether native or foreign, regard as pregnant with profound sense, only that unhappily the vagueness of the text allows these enthusiasts to attach to it ideas often very beautiful, but which being utterly contradictory of each other, must be in every case but one clearly imaginary. The fourteen English translators of this *chef d'œuvre* of Goethe's, thus differ in their interpretation of many parts of it, so that thirteen of the fourteen must inevitably attribute

to him thoughts which are their own. The usual vagueness both of the connection of German ideas, and of the mode of expressing them, has on the minds of Englishmen an effect similar to that of an elaborate piece of music on a German enthusiast, who declares it to describe as eloquently as words, some natural scene, such as the clearing up of the storm. For him the notes represent the dying tones of thunder, the pattering of the rain-drops, the opening of the clouds, the genial sunshine, and the fragrance sent up from the moistened vegetation of the earth.

You are led by his ardour to believe that music must really have a minutely descriptive power for those gifted with the sense of understanding it, till, to convince yourself, you induce another of these amateurs to listen to the same piece, telling him that it represents another subject, such as a pastoral scene in a Swiss valley. You will then, as the author has done, hear him declare that this mysterious but unmistakable language of harmony tells all the tale. He hears the lowing of the cows, the footfall of the milkmaid as she trips along. The sounds paint to him, he says, more clearly than words, the hues of the sunset, the greenness of the grass, or the sombre shades of the mountain pines.

It is however obvious, that to constitute any species of literary merit, whether poetical, scientific, or philosophical, it is not sufficient to possess great ideas, vast imagination, strong reasoning, or perceptive powers, without the faculty of intelligibly expressing them. Mankind cannot recognise the existence of thoughts, which dying unborn within the recesses of the brain conceiving them, have never given evidence of their being. The obscurity of expression which leaves various and contradictory interpretations even to the good-will of enthusiastic admirers, amounts therefore to an unintelligibility, which must leave us sceptic of the inspiring thought by which we have never been gratified or benefited.

We shall find this on examination to be more or less the distinguishing characteristic of all German writers.

Hitherto the criticism of England has taken too much for granted, and been too easily led astray by the predilections of great authorities, and by the prejudice of some of our most able writers. Byron, Coleridge, and Bulwer, (who, in accordance with the fashion of the day, shapes his poetry into prose) have found in the indistinctness of Germanism a

field in which to let their imagination roam ; and like the hoar frost which, crystallizing, figures minarets and gothic pinnacles about wisps of straw and shapeless faggots, so they have revelled in the common-place of Teutonic authors, taking licences from it for the flights of their own poetic fancy.

The "Foreign Quarterly," which may be regarded as the chief authority in the whole circle of English criticism with respect to German literature,—notwithstanding all its German predilections, seldom reviews any work which lays claim to more than erudition, classification, or research, which does not seem to fall piecemeal in the disappointed critic's fingers.

Let us take for instance the Messiah of Klopstock, once popularly regarded as another Milton, in whom there remains, as the "Foreign Quarterly" admits, when stripped of his plagiarism, of his inflation, and bombastic phrase, nothing worthy of our admiration.

The author has found this inclination to philo-Germanism as common to every educated Englishman, as rare in its continuance on more intimate acquaintance with its object.

Even the amiable prejudices of the Howitts do not seem to have resisted such a test, and they

appear to have transferred their sympathies and labours to the more congenial field of Scandinavian literature.

If we now turn to the German prose writers, we shall find their style still more barbarous, compared with that of the English, French, Italians, Spaniards, and Poles. The Schlegels, whose name is familiar to English ears as classic writers, need alone be cited; it is common to find in their works one and even two whole pages of close print, consisting of a single period. Like the poets, the prosaists are neither clear nor harmonious. The German language, which is harsh, verbose, and lumbering, does not appear to admit of harmony; but as, on the other hand, it does not want for richness, its obscurity is wholly due to the taste of those who use it.

In this respect the Germans offer a strange contrast to the French. The former, whose tongue does not tend to double meanings, write in a manner which is singularly vague, whilst the French, whose language so readily falls into equivocation, perhaps on this very account have the most perspicuous style in Europe.

On sifting, in the works of German writers, the positive merit from that which only exists in our own pre-impressed imaginations, we shall learn

to judge them very differently; and though we may accord a respectable place to their celebrities, it is probable that we shall no longer think of classing any men they have hitherto produced alongside the chosen few who occupy the first places in the cosmopolitan pantheon. It is therefore an absurd error to rank intellectual Germany in a triumvirate with France and England. The equality which it has hitherto successfully arrogated, has till the present time no existence, though hopes of its eventual realisation may be entertained, from the unwearying perseverance which has already enabled the German mind to realise the fable of the tortoise and the hare with regard to Sweden, Italy, and Spain.

The Slavonians, whom necessity has brought far more in contact with Germany than its western neighbours, do not share in their illusions on this subject. For them Germany represents no idea, literary, social, or above all political.

They have only taken up the pen, and they feel justly convinced of the superiority of their muse over the hacknied muse of Germany. Wherever they have awakened to a sense of their political condition, they have not confined themselves to barren speculation, but have sought to

attain energetically, gloriously, and often successfully, practical and positive results. These writers justly and frequently observe, that the little liberty which German states possess, they owe to France, and partially to Slavonic Poland. Some of the states were founded after the fall of Napoleon, in more or less complete imitation of the French constitution. The French "*Code Civil*" has also modified the legislation of several provinces of the Russian monarchy ; but we cannot either discover any traces of German origin in these ameliorations, nor aught which German philosophy has done towards them.

Whilst there is thus no consciousness of inferiority to inspire the Slavonians with deference towards the Germans, there are many causes, both in the antithesis of character of the two races, and in their political relations, to fill the former with antipathy. Even the Muscovites, who must be ranked as many degrees beneath the lowest of their Slavonic brethren, possess certain qualities in common with these which induce them to regard the German character with contempt. The time-serving spirit of the latter people ripens in the atmosphere of Russian despotism, to such a

degree as to allow even the abject Muscovite to reproach them with servility.

The Muscovite too, whose occasional prodigality, and whose commercial enterprise, contrast so strongly with his habitual penury, scorns the meanness and timidity of the Russo-German.

The Pole and the Ruthenian, the Serbian, Transylvanian, and Hungaric Slavonian, rapid in their perception, and reckless in their impulses, all mock the barren enthusiasm, the dulness, and the want of spirit of the German, whose thirst of knowledge, and persevering patience, they forget to appreciate.

It is curious to note how, whilst in England we regard the German mind as somewhat wild and visionary, but at least prone to forget material interests in its intellectual tendencies, the Slavonians with one accord attribute to it gross materialism.

“I am not a pope or a German, to eat a second dinner,—I do not make a god of my belly, like a German,” or, “Are you a German, that you cannot let your cassia cool before you eat?” proverbially exclaims the Russian Moujik. He calls the Finn a Swede, the Frenchman godless, but

the German he nick-names, *Kalbashnick*, or, sausage maker.

In the Russian tales, as for instance, in that entitled "The Queen of Spades," by Poushkin, the first of Russian poets, the German, like the Hermann of the story, always plays a part in accordance with this prejudice.

Krasinski, in the "Infernal Comedy," when the count expresses his disgust at the material life he is leading, makes him say,—“I have slept the sleep of a German artisan.”

Hundreds of examples, instead of these which immediately occur to the author, of this deeply rooted opinion in eastern Europe, might be adduced.

As to the social and political relations of the Germanic and Sclavonic races, the Muscovite, the Ruthenian, and the inhabitant of Russian Poland, have alike learned to attribute to the Germanic spirit all that was most oppressive in the rule of Russian despotism. The sovereigns of the house of Romanoff, either wholly German, or if not so issuing from a stock which had been for many generations replenished from the princely families of Germany, has almost always administered the empire by German

favourites, who prove tools as pliant and less dangerous than the Muscovites.

Where Germans have not filled, or do not fill the offices of trust, in whatever department it may be, German ideas still preside over the administration.

The Pole, where not under the dominion of Russia, is governed and oppressed by the cabinets of Vienna and of Berlin, whilst in the Austrian empire, in its Polish provinces,—in Hungary, Transylvania, Illyria, Dalmatia, Moravia, and Bohemia,—twenty-three millions of Slavonians have long learned to detest its German rule.

In the Turkish empire, the Slavonians of Montenegro are as frequently at war with Austria as with the Porte, and the Serbians have learned to dread the fraud of the Austrians more than Ottoman force. There remain therefore only the Bosnians and Bulgarians who have no grounds for the antipathy which pervades the rest of the vast family to which they belong.

The Slavonic race constitutes the chief bulk of the subjects of the three empires of continental Europe, and a large share of the population of its most extensive absolute monarchy.

At the lowest computation, 55 millions out of 63, in the Russian empire,—23 out of 37 millions in the Austrian, and 8 out of 13 in the Turkish empires, are pure Slavonians.

In the Prussian monarchy, upwards of 4 millions out of 15 belong to the same family.

In Turkey, Austria, and Prussia, this proportion to the remainder of the population assumes an increased significance when we consider that the Germans in Austria are only 6 beside these 20 millions, and the Turks scarcely 1 million to control these eight millions of Slavonians;—that in the Prussian kingdom, on its eastern boundary, between four and five hostile millions of the same race are only divided from their brethren by a fictitious frontier, whilst on the west its unpopular dominion is insecurely established over the inhabitants of the Rhenish provinces, numbering two and a half millions; and that of the remaining eight which complete the population of this monarchy, nearly four and a half consist of the inhabitants of Pomerania, Saxony, and Westphalia, profoundly indifferent to their new Prussian nationality, and partially of Slavonic origin.

We have long been accustomed in the west to

regard the Slavonic family as either already absorbed in, or undergoing rapid assimilation with the Muscovite, and at least this question has been considered as chiefly affecting Russia; but in reality, any sign of agitation amongst the Slavonians is full of even more vital import to the Austrian, Prussian, and Ottoman states, threatening as it directly does their very existence, whilst the Russian government is still seated on the broad basis of its thirty-five millions of the passive Muscovite branch, accessible only to indirect action.

This Slavonic race, the most numerous on the earth but one, has remained for so many centuries passive and quiescent, though distinct, that its existence has been almost forgotten; but like the waters of a mighty ocean, which have long been sleeping in a sullen calm, they are not the less formidable when they shew signs of awakening to tempestuous life.

Whatever theory we may adopt as regards the ancient history of this race, according to every version, it has undergone centuries of persecution, which indeed the largest portion of it still endures. Whilst constituting, as we have just

seen, the great majority of the population of the three continental empires, it is nowhere governed by a native family. Whilst certainly comprising more than a third of the whole population of Europe, and according to the estimation of some authorities one whole half of that of *continental* Europe, it has furnished only one reigning family in the house of the Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg, who rule over another people. Until within the last century, with the exception of the Lithuanians and Poles, the Slavonians, wherever they settled, appear, without giving evidence of either corruption or cowardice, to have been the most unenterprising, and easily subdued of any numerous people. This was apparent even before so much light had been thrown on their history, and whilst the ignorance or vanity of national writers sought to identify it with that of strange warlike tribes which at different times conquered and ruled over various portions of the Slavonic family.

Subsequent investigation has, however, shown too clearly that all the glories which attach to the early history of every portion of it, are chiefly due to some foreign element. The republic of Novgorod, the duchies of Moscow, and of Kief, were

founded by Varangian, or Norman invaders. As long as their blood predominated in the veins of the great lords and princes, they led these conquered vassals alike to plunder the shores of the Black Sea, and to repulse the Tartar. The Lithuanians, whose annals are adventurous and warlike, and whose ranks were chiefly filled with Sclavonians, repulsed and defeated the Teutonic knights, and extended their conquests as far as the Crimea, but they too were a strange people, who led the vanquished Sclavonians to conquest, and whose warrior caste of *Witi* or *Witing* (probably from the viking of the Northmen,) belonged to that wonderful Scandinavian people which had previously subjugated these Lithuanians.

The noble or warrior caste of Poland was either derived from Lithuania, or belonged to a distant and conquering tribe, probably the Sarmatian, or the Lech, inextricably ingrafted on the remaining population.

In prosecuting the researches by which these facts were established, it was discovered that the Sclavonians were not one of the races that over-run Europe towards the decline of the Roman empire, and that they had been confounded with the various Asiatic tribes, who, after conquering, made them

march beneath their banner, and finally were merged in the people they had vanquished.

To the best of the author's belief, it was Lelewel whose profound and varied erudition led him first to contend that the Sclavonic race had occupied the territories it now inhabits, certainly before the influx of German tribes, and probably from most remote antiquity.

Gatterer, of the university of Gottingen, Szaferzik in his encyclopædia, and a host of savants, have since established beyond all doubt that the ancient Thracians, Venedæ, Dacians, Mœsians, and Triballi, were Sclavonians. Certainly settled in all that part of Europe which their race at present occupies, and probably beyond it extended up to the right bank of the Elbe, where the Venedæ were established in the locality of the duchy of Mecklenberg, and so obstinately resisted the cruel persecution of Charlemagne. There is even much reason to believe that La Vendee in the west of France, derives its name and population from a colony of the Venadæ, traversing France, or coming round by sea, or cut off and surviving the destruction of a Sclavonian population scattered over France, as over the remainder of the central continent of Europe.

The author, who has traversed La Vendee, and is well acquainted with its people, was struck by analogies both of character and feature between the Sclavonians and Vendean, of which those appear to have been ignorant who grounded their conjecture of this relationship on book-lore, and thence deduced their arguments to prove it.

At all events the labours of certain of the learned may be considered to have established that the Sclavonians, if not aboriginally settled in Europe, were so as anciently as any people of whom we have any record or tradition. Others, and principally Mitzkiavitch, have gone beyond this, and pretend to retrace the Sclavonic origin to the Assyrians.

He explains and translates all the Assyrian names, by words derived from the different dialects of the modern Sclavonic.

By means of these dialects he read the numerous inscriptions on the tombs in Asia Minor, which are neither Chaldean, Hebrew, Greek, nor Persian. The proofs he adduces are so convincing, that all our scepticism, if not removed, is silenced, notwithstanding all the fertility of imagination, and the ingenuity of mind which we are prepared to

find him bring to bear in the defence of any favourite hypothesis.

But Mitzkiavitch has gradually mixed up these convictions, the fruit of deep study and arduous meditation, with the ideas derived from that religious exaltation to which his countrymen are nationally subject, and which too often morbidly affects them in misfortune.

He had long asked himself how this innumerable people could have been for so many centuries doomed like the Hebrew race to ceaseless suffering and humiliation? How it had offended? But when he had retraced its parentage to the Assyrian, a fancied light burst in upon him, and he hurried to the conclusion that the Slavonians must be the descendents of the Sur and Assur, Syrians and Assyrians swept from the face of Asia, and driven into an exile and bondage of three thousand years, because, as he supposes, of the crime of having first deified man in the persons of Nimrod, Bel, and Ninus.

"This race," he says, "first submitted to the passions of an individual. Used as his instrument, it enslaved a portion of the world, and has become a symbol of material force opposed to the power of mind."

He shews that Nebukadnesar, like all other

Assyrian names, may be explained as composed from Sclavonic words, and that if written Nebuhodnotsar, it is a plain sentence in that language, signifying "There is no God but the king," a version which exactly agrees with what is said of that monarch in the Book of Judith, *Non est Deus nisi rex.*

It was when his mind, affected alike by his exile, his domestic sorrows, and his arduous studies, was urged by religious melancholy to found on the result of his researches this gloomy hypothesis, which supposed him to belong to a race beneath the ban of Heaven, that Tovianski announced himself to him as a prophet, and confirmed his theory, declaring that he was sent by Heaven to remove this celestial malediction from so many millions.

We will subsequently cite some of the arguments of Mitzkiavitch from the course of lectures in which he gradually strove to impress his own convictions on his auditors, in the order in which they had been forced on his own mind. They are taken from that portion of his course which reflects his intellect before its subsequent offuscation.

The historical truth of this long humiliation of the Sclavonic race, not only Mitzkiavitch, but

other writers belonging to it equally avow. But in the same manner as we have seen mighty nations once wield the sword and pen, and then appear scarce fit to hold the distaff,—so may a change as favourable take place in the character and destiny of others, and this appears to have been gradually the case with at least a large portion of the Slavonic people.

In Poland it prepares for another episode of the often renewed and bloody struggle, in which it has been often baffled—never subdued. Like the gladiators of our pugilistic ring, stretched prostrate in successive rounds, it is perhaps gathering up its strength to triumph after all.

In Austria and in Prussia the murmurs of these Slavonic millions awakening from their long torpor are heard as they startle their oppressors from security. In Turkey they have already conquered their civil rights and independence in several provinces. In arts and letters, they have recently made gigantic progress. So that this people, so long threatened, has in its turn grown threatening; and if almost everywhere still oppressed, it yet gives evident signs that it will not long remain so.

Of the four existing powers beneath whose dominion the Slavonians still linger, it may appear

strange, but it is nevertheless true, that they have always been ruled most gently by the Turks. In Turkey they are still most mildly governed, even where they have not secured self-government and franchises.

At a moment when a prospect of retribution against its task-makers is opening to this people, it may not be uninteresting to investigate its feeling towards them.

It thus happens that this eminently religious race—as, whether of the Greek or Latin communion it may be considered to be,—is growing daily more hostile to the three Christian powers,—Greek, Lutheran, and Roman Catholic,—betwixt which it is divided, than towards the Ottoman Porte; and this hostility to the former daily increases with the spread of knowledge, which modifies the antipathies of the Slavonians to their Turkish masters, both by teaching them to contrast their condition with those of their brethren, and by pointing out to them a prompt and practical remedy to their condition in the establishment of self-governed states, beneath the protection of the Ottoman Porte.

The Turkish empire presents the strange picture of a people scarce amounting to a million, ruling in Europe fifteen millions, distinct from themselves in origin, language, and mostly in religion.

Seven millions of Slavonians, four millions of Moldo-Wallachians, or Roumani (a people of mixed Slavonic origin), two millions and half of Greeks, a million of Albanians, and three quarters of a million of Jews, Gipsies, and Armenians, complete in round numbers the population of European Turkey, governed by or tributary to a race which on this side of the Bosphorus does not amount to half the population of London.

Without the intellect of the Greek, the valour of the Albanian, the industry of the Slavonian, the thrift of the Armenian or Hebrew, this Tartar tribe governs them all; though according to its own tradition, only encamped instead of settled in Europe, it prefers to bury its dead beyond the strait which divides its European possessions from its Asiatic home.

How did these unintellectual Osmanlees first usurp the power bequeathed to their successors by the Arabian caliphs, and afterwards maintain that supremacy which, though partially shattered, still endures? These are historic and political enigmas, difficult to solve unless by more or less arbitrary suppositions.

Is there not distinctive of certain races an inherent genius for government, which gives them

presidence over others of their superiors in talent, courage, or acquirements,—a genius perhaps consisting in the tact which enables them when they seek to do so, to discern and bend these to their purpose ?

The Roman possessed neither the intellect nor taste, and scarcely the valor of the Greek. Rome had no philosophers, poets, orators, or dramatists,—no sculptors, architects, mathematicians, or engineers,—no captains or devoted patriots, whom she could place above those of Greece ; few whom she could even compare with them. Yet Rome progressed rapidly towards dominion, whilst Greece became an apanage of her mighty sovereignty.

In the British empire, is not the English mind peculiarly endowed, beyond that of Ireland or Scotland, with this genius for government—this tact of domination, which without shaping itself into any special talent leads to indisputable precedence and incalculable results ? For though at long intervals England has produced men so unparalleled in the empire, as Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, and Byron, still it must be admitted that two-thirds of our celebrities,—of our distinguished jurists, writers, orators, or captains, are Scotch or Irish.

If this peculiar adaption of the national mind, which made Rome the universal mistress, and has

rendered Great Britain the most powerful empire in the world—which in the history of the latter we find expressed in the rule of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, and of William Pitt—have any but a fanciful existence, we may attribute this faculty to the Osmanlees, with whom, though unaccompanied by any other qualities which stamp the British character, it may account for the spread or maintenance of their rule. At least, we can trace in the Turk no sign of any other superiority over the Arab, whose sceptre he usurped.

Supineness and inactivity have now notoriously succeeded the former energy, both of the Turks, and of their government. Long zealously propagandist, and restlessly ambitious, this people and their empire, after having been successively progressive and stationary, then entered on a career of full political retrogression and decay.

Perhaps, indeed, only the constant intermixture of the Circassian breed with this race preserved it from the decrepitude into which the blue blood of the nobility of Spain has fallen, where “little,” as a Spanish grandee applied to mind and body, has passed into a proverb. It is worthy of remark too, as another strange anomaly, that, if we examine into the birth of those who within the last

century have risen into power in the Turkish empire, or any of its dependencies, we shall find them chiefly Caucasians or Albanians. For instance, Ali Pacha of Janina, and Mehemet Ali belonged to the latter, the Mamelukes of Egypt to the former.

When retracing the history of this strange empire beyond the period of its decline, to the days of its progress and success, we are led to suspect that religious zeal, instead of solely inspiring its ambition, was rather its instrument, and not the most effective. After the fashion of Nadir and of Timur, (who led another Tartar branch of the same people,) the Turkish sovereigns principally achieved their conquests by following a singular system which consisted in seeking and raising merit wherever it could be discovered, and in the juxta-position of the most terrible punishments, and of the greatest immediate rewards; thus securing the strongest incentives to human exertion.

On the other hand, like the Romans before them, when they had once subdued a conquered people, and struck terror into them by occasional acts of severity, they neither interfered with the municipal privileges nor the religious faith of their vassals.

We cannot reproach them with the bigotry which expelled the Moors with all their arts from Spain, which made the American continent a vast Golgotha, which drove the industry of Flanders and of France successively to a foreign land, or which opened wounds and raised animosities in Ireland, still unhealed and unextinguished at the present hour.

The Ottoman empire never possessed the art of centralisation, in which the Russian and Austrian empires have made such progress,—an art which rendering available all the resources of state, is at the same time dangerous to the liberties even of those that are free, but which increases a hundredfold the oppression of a despotism.

The Turkish administration even to the present day may be described by the pithy definition applied to it, of a power which does not govern, but occasionally chastises and extorts. The condition of its dominions, contrasted with those of the Tsars, points out, however, to us, that no government at all is preferable to the miseries of bad government.

From whatever cause arising, whether from an instinct of the genius which has been suggested, or merely from the indolence of the Turkish cha-

racter, and the incompleteness of the machinery of its power,—it is nevertheless indisputable that rights, privileges, and immunities amongst the heterogenous populations which yield obeisance to the crescent, have everywhere survived partial instances of oppressive cruelty.

The gradual extinction of the ambitious energy of the Turks, and their weakness growing both from this cause and by contrast with the increased strength of their neighbours, gave to a portion of its vast Slavonic population the means of securing all the franchises which had survived from the violences and spoliation to which they were formerly exposed.

They were indeed first roused by the intrigues and the ambitious policy of Russia, which since the time of Catherine has looked forward to that Slavonic union which its sovereigns have always hoped to see effected beneath its rule, and which in every human probability will at least morally take place, but only to shiver the sceptre of the Tsars, and perhaps of other potentates, instead of bowing under it.

The inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia, called Roumani, numbering near four millions and a half, are Slavonic, though their aristocracy

may belong to another race, and though its ruling and powerful families are the corrupt and intriguing Greeks of the Fanar.

The Serbian people are pure Slavonian. Both were originally filled with enthusiasm for their Russian co-religionaries, aided by the suggestions, funds, and policy of Russia, and taught to look towards her as a liberating power,

But the independence of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Serbia having been effected, recognised, and honourably respected by the Porte, their people have ceased to fear its violence, and to transfer their dread to the Russian protectorate. Their experience of its influence, their contact with the Russian armies in the last campaign, the increasing intercourse and the spread of knowledge, have all tended to render it unpopular. The conviction is becoming daily more prevalent, that even their brethren in the Turkish empire who have not yet secured self-government, are far better off than the Slavonians in the Russian or Austrian empires. Whilst the youthful, amongst whom enlightenment is rapidly spreading, learn, in their acquaintance with the condition of western Europe, a profound antipathy to the policy of Russia and Austria; their somewhat exalted and theoretic

notions readily seem to sober down to the practical views of those who see an immediate and less perilous mode of securing the liberty of all the Slavonians in the Turkish empire, by forming federal states, self-governed and tributary to the Porte, as a common centre. The moderation of the Slavonic character, its natural veneration for that which has been long established,—the examples which Wallachia, Moldavia, and Serbia afford of the pliancy of Ottoman policy in that respect, and the consideration of the advantages to be derived when enjoying as a free state the real protection of the Porte, from the *prestige* of long dominion which it possesses,—have all a tendency to reconcile the Slavonians of the Turkish empire, under certain modifications, to its rule.

The Turkish empire may therefore be now considered as somewhat in the condition of a parent, who having, albeit with some severity, nurtured and protected a numerous progeny, is reduced in the decrepitude of its old age to seek subsistence and protection from the traditionary respect of filially grateful descendants.

CHAPTER X.

TREATMENT OF POLISH NUNS.

There is nothing more difficult than to substantiate any charge of cruelty within the Russian dominions. The press dares not even mention a crime indifferent to the government, or an accident beyond the control of all human authority, much less any fact which might reflect upon it. This despotism does not choose to see its subjects imbibe a thirst for any kind of news, or any habits of discussion. It is difficult for the inhabitant of a constitutional country to conceive the extent to which grows the popular discretion, nurtured by this terrorism. A Russian subject will scarce relate to his immediate friends a murder which has happened at his own door, or communicate to his own family the fact of any of his acquaintance having been arrested by his side. Hence

reigns a silence far more absolute than even the absence of a free press would occasion, and thus horrors which in other countries would be bruited far and wide, remain unknown beyond the walls of a prison, a barrack, or a convent yard.

On the other hand, such few cases out of the many as come to an investigator's knowledge, where none seek to inquire and fewer to communicate, can never, however notorious in the Russian empire, be substantiated beyond its frontier, in the same manner as similar facts occurring in another country.

Almost every accusation must rest upon the personal testimony of the accuser, he can call no witnesses to establish even incidents known to the whole Russian people,—for who would dare answer his appeal? most frequently he must conceal even names and dates, not to draw down notice and ruin on individuals in attempting to circumstantiate his tale. All these difficulties are duly taken advantage of by those who direct the secret influence which controls the press, often unconsciously, and through channels occult to itself,—not to defend or praise the Russian government, which is as impatient of praise almost as of blame, but to cast discredit and doubt on such statements as expose its cruelties.

Though it might sound harsh to assume that a government, or a nation, any more than an individual, should not be held innocent till proven guilty, still, where from the very nature of the offence, or from the offender's position, evidence is obviously most difficult of attainment, we should at least visit with increased severity the crime when at length established, after the example of those laws which chastise in it when detected, a host of similar transgressions which must go unpunished for one dragged into light.

Such an instance is afforded us by the singular escape of four of the victims, in a case of such unheard of barbarity that it could never have met with credit unless reposing on the testimony of witnesses and sufferers, whose character placed them above suspicion, and who have repeated to hundreds in their minutest details the diabolical persecution they have witnessed with their own eyes, or endured in their own persons.

The writer must, however, premise his brief narration of the main points of the story, by expressing his belief that the spirit-broken church of Russia—one of the most apathetic existings—must be absolved from all general participation in the crimes he is about to lay before the

reader; and that even the immediate actors in these scenes of unparalleled barbarity must be considered not as the instruments of a religious fanaticism, which destroys the body in the belief that it is saving souls, but of a reckless political ambition, bearing down all resistance to its will at any cost of suffering, blood, or tears, and provoked to ferocity by the resistance of a few women, when kingdoms and empires have given way in awe, or truckled to the imposing power of the authority which their enthusiasm set at defiance.

The account about to be given may be gathered from the lips of one of these women at Rome, where she is now living; from every individual of the numerous company assembled on the 9th of October last, in Prince Adam Czartoryski's drawing-room, where a deputation of the youth of Rome waited on her to convey the expression of their sympathy; or from the nuns of the convent of the Assumption, No. 75, Rue Chaillot, Champs Elysees, Paris, where she resided during her stay in that city. A detailed account of her sufferings has been published by *Gaume, freres, Rue Casette*, due (to the best of the author's belief) to the pen of M. Buchez, the most distinguished advocate of the new school of French religious philosophy. It

exactly tallies in all main particulars with the following narration, received from a person who gathered it from the lips of Irena Miesceslas, and of which the writer has duly compared all the fearful incidents with other and earlier depositions.

In the city of Minsk, in 1837, there still existed a convent of humble nuns of the order of St. Bazilius. Their time, like that of the "sisters of charity," was divided between their religious duties, attendance on the sick, and the education of poor children. Their order had been founded in 1826, by one of the princes Tapieha, a family to which the Czartoriskis are allied.

Far and wide through the surrounding country, the suffering and needy had learned to bless their unassuming benevolence, and people of all ranks regarded with veneration a community, distinguished not by ascetic practices, but through its active and unwearying philanthropy.

The very popularity of this order, and the estimation in which it was held, marked it out for a persecution, so atrocious that I know of nothing more harrowing, in times ancient or modern.

The cruelties of Nero, Domitian, and Caligula,

the most virulent religious persecution of past centuries, and the horrors of the French revolution, rarely equalled in degree the barbarities practised on these harmless women, and sink into insignificance beside them, when the long protraction of seven years of suffering is considered.

All the details of this inhuman persecution might have remained either utterly unknown beyond the Russian frontier, or merged in vague rumours of cruel treatment, but for the providential escape of four of the sufferers.

To sum the facts briefly up, between the years 1837 and 1845, forty-four nuns perished at the hands of the Russian authorities, out of fifty-eight devoted to duties whose fulfilment appeals so directly to all human sympathies, that a religious sisterhood analogous to their own had been spared even during the French reign of terror, which so pitilessly swept away all other social landmarks. Of the fourteen that remained, eight had either had their eyes torn out or their limbs broken, and of the other six only four had strength to attempt, or fortune to effect their escape. A few more months and the whole surviving fourteen, at last doomed to Siberia, might have been expiring

on that weary road, which the ten unhappy creatures left behind by the fugitives, are at this moment being dragged or driven over, all lamed, blind, or ailing.

Nothing in that case would ever have reached our ear of the incredible sufferings of these poor victims, whose fate would silently have contributed to swell those statistics of proselytism which the Russian government gives periodically to Europe, and which Nicholas has commemorated by the famous medal, inscribed with the motto, "Separated by violence, and reunited by love."

Of the four fugitives, two, the sister Wawrzecka and Irena Macrina Mieceslas (Mieczyslaska,) succeeded in reaching Posen, in Prussian Poland, where the Roman Catholic archbishop, having taken down their circumstantial deposition of the facts about to be narrated, sealed them with the arms of the archbishopric, and forwarded the document to Rome.

An order consequently arrived for the superior to repair to Rome, by way of Paris; in which city she took up her abode till the 10th of October last, under the same roof with one near and dear to the author.

Here she was led to give all the sad details of her harrowing story, whilst the scars which mark her body added their dumb eloquence to her recital.

Irena Mieceslas had been thirty years renowned for her charity and benevolence throughout the government of Minsk, as head of the Basilian convent, consisting of thirty-four nuns, in the city of that name. It will be hence at once perceived that she is advancing into the vale of years. The aspect of her countenance, according to the portrait which the writer has before him, is at once noble and indicative of determination. It derives the first expression from the position of the eyes, which is such as we rarely meet with out of the Scandinavian or Anglo-Norman race; viz., obliqued upwards from the outward corners; that is to say, in a direction precisely contrary to the eyes of the feline species, of all Mongolian races, and of many of the inhabitants of southern countries. The finely chiselled corners of her mouth seem to mark a decision of temper, of which she has given the most heroic proofs in her conduct.

The substance of her narrative, which the other

three sisters corroborate in the minutest particulars, is to the following effect:

The Emperor Nicholas having profited by his influence and privileges in nominating corrupt and ambitious tools to the bishopric of the Basillian communion, (that is to say, the Roman Catholic with Greek forms,) amongst these Semiasko, the bishop of the diocese in which the convent of these poor nuns was situated, had apostatised to the Greek, from the Latin church. Finding that the great mass of the clergy, and the whole of their congregation, refused to follow the examples of their chiefs, Nicholas ordered forcible means to be resorted to, and set on foot a persecution, which caused the females of this religious association great alarm, and induced them to use the private influence of their friends in the Russian capital, to be allowed to retire from their convent into the bosoms of their families.

This boon the emperor refused, referring them to their apostate bishop.

Semiasko, after vainly using all his persuasive powers with this community, to induce them to pass over to the Russian church, showed them alike the threats and promises he was empowered

to make in the name of Nicholas, and the awful signature appended to a document, which commanded him to adopt such measures as the interests of religion might require, to oblige all recusants to conform. Finding their determination unshakeable, he left them three months to consider the matter, and then detaching from his breast one of the numerous orders with which the emperor had rewarded his apostacy, he attempted to pin it on the bosom of the superior, to whom he held out a dazzling prospect of honours and rewards.

These women, it must be remembered, in their devout belief, now saw in their former pastor only an impious seceder from the faith of their fathers. Irena Mieceslas, therefore, spurning this temptation, said tauntingly to the bishop : " Keep it, keep it ; it would ill accord with the humble cross which marks my order ; and with you it serves to hide a breast, beneath which there beats the heart of an apostate ! "

These nuns had been fortified in their resolution, by the exhortation of their confessor, a weak, but probably well-meaning man, named Michalewitch.

As the persecution became more rigorous around

him, between the threats and the promises of his bishop, he was influenced to desert to the Russian communion, and he was afterwards frequently obliged to take his seat as a member of the tribunal which attempted to subdue the obstinacy of these women. It is, however, probable, that he yielded more to terror than seduction, for he strove apparently to bury his remorse in incessant intoxication; and in this condition he afterwards fell into a pool of water, where he was drowned.

Three days after the insulting refusal of the superior to apostatize, Semiasko came with a detachment of soldiers to turn the sisters out of the convent. Such was the violence employed—such the terror inspired by the account of universal persecution, that a sick nun of their number fell and expired upon the pavement of the chapel.

The remainder were heavily ironed hand and foot, and marched to Vitepsk, where they were placed in a Russian convent of “black-sisters.”

These black sisterhoods, which may in some measure be compared to our penitentiaries, are places of refuge for the widows of private soldiers, and receptacles for the most disorderly prostitutes.

Here the thirty-three nuns of St. Basilus,

from Minsk, met with fourteen more of their order, transferred from another convent to this abode, where for two years they were kept at hard labour, chained in couples, and exposed to all the malignity of the depraved associates with whom these women of gentle birth were thus forcibly mingled.

In 1839, all other efforts having failed to shake their resolution, they were transferred to another Russian convent of black-sisters, in the city of Polock. Here they met with ten more nonconformist nuns of the same order. The whole number of these women—fifty-seven—were now brought up twice a week, on Wednesdays and Fridays, before a commission of the Russian authorities and clergy, and flogged before them, receiving fifty strokes a-piece.

This was continued for months together, till the wounds upon their backs was an open sore, and that pieces of the scabs and then of the raw flesh adhered to the instruments of torture. Three of their number died beneath this infliction.

They were then fed on salt herrings, and refused drink (a favourite Russian mode of torture), except on the condition of apostacy. This punishment, which it appears they found the most difficult

to bear, was superseded by a system of starvation. They were only fed once every other day, and driven to eat nettles and the fodder of the convent cattle.

They were employed to dig out clay, and not understanding how to conduct an excavation, the earth fell in and buried five of their number. With incredible barbarity the Russian authorities not only refused to dig them out, but prevented the nuns from attempting to extricate their companions. They perished in this self-dug grave.

The next labour in which the survivors were employed, was to aid the masons in constructing a palace for the renegade bishop.

Some of the Polish gentry, whose spirit no terrors will quell, coming to look on,—one of their number addressed some words of consolation to these poor women. Within four-and-twenty hours, not only this imprudent individual, but all those around him had disappeared.

The falling of a wall in the midst of the nuns injured many and killed eight of them outright. A ninth and tenth soon after perished.

These ten bodies were carried off by the people, and hidden where all the efforts of the Russian authorities failed to discover them.

About this period, several monks of Saint Basilus were brought to the same convent. Their treatment is described as having been more barbarous than even that of the nuns. Four of these men, Zawecki, Komar, Zilewicz, and Buckzynski by name, all upwards of seventy years of age, were at last, in the full severity of winter, stripped and placed under a pump, where as the water was poured over them, it gradually congealed into a mass of ice, and froze them to death; another, named the Abbé Laudanski, aged and infirm, whilst staggering beneath a load of fire-wood, was struck upon the head with such violence, by a drunken deacon, that his skull was fractured, and he died upon the spot.

It must here be explained, that all the lower, or *white-clergy* in the Russian church is very ignorant and depraved, and that the deacons are the lowest amongst them.

In the present instance, however, the refusal of the great bulk of the Basilian clergy to pass over to the Russian church, had obliged it, in these forcibly converted provinces, to fill up those gaps in the lower ranks of its hierarchy with boors of the most illiterate and dissolute character.

It happened that one of these surviving monks

of St. Basilus succeeded in making his escape, and Samiasko, irritated at this incident, resolved to conquer the obstinacy of the nuns ; and publishing that they were about to read their recantation, caused them to be forcibly led by the soldiery to the portals of the Russian church. The curiosity which this announcement caused, led the whole population of the city of Polock to assemble ; notwithstanding the examples which had been made of those who had expressed their sympathy with the sufferers.

The apostate bishop, in his episcopal garments, advanced towards the nuns, and bidding the soldiers leave his dear sisters at liberty, spoke to them with paternal kindness, then offering his hand to their superior, prepared to lead her into the church. Irena Mieceslas then seizing one of the hatchets used by the carpenters who had been working at the reparation of the church, called out to all her nuns to kneel, and addressing Semiasko, told him : " After having been their shepherd, to become the executioner of those whom he had not already done to death, and to strike off their heads before the threshold of that temple, which their footsteps would never voluntarily cross."

So galling was the provocation of this rebuke to

the Russian bishop, that unable to contain himself, he struck the superior on the face, and then flung the axe indignantly from him. It chanced in falling to wound one of the nuns in the foot; and a moment after the superior having put her hand to her mouth, which was filled with blood, drew out one of her shattered teeth, and holding it up to him, said: "Take it, it will earn you some fresh order from the emperor."

Such was the effect of this scene, that nothing could restrain the enthusiasm of the people; and as the nuns were led back by the soldiery, the crowd followed them singing with one accord Hallelujahs, and Te Deums.

Such, notwithstanding all the repressive terrors of the Russian authorities, became the feeling of the population of the city of Polock, that it was found unsafe to continue the persecution of the nuns within its walls, and they were ordered to be removed to the borough of Medzioly, in the province of Minsk.

This public defeat of the Russian bishop and authorities was, however, revenged on these poor women by an act of such diabolical malignity as only the most undeniable evidence can render credible.

When the Russian soldiers, and the newly-made deacons, had been rendered drunk with brandy, all these helpless nuns were turned out amongst them as incurably obstinate, to treat as they thought fit. Then commenced a scene worthy of Pandemonium, —the shrieks and prayers of the victims mingling with the oaths, blasphemies, and ribaldry of the crowd to whose brutal lust they were abandoned.

When the fury of these demons in human form had been exhausted, it was discovered that two of these unfortunate females were quite dead. The skull of one had been crushed by the stamping on the temples of an iron-plated heel. The other was trampled into such a mass of mud and gore, that even its human character was scarce recognisable. Eight others had one or several bones or limbs broken, or their eyes torn or trodden out. Of the whole number, the superior, a woman of iron frame as well as indomitable resolution, fared the best ; but she was not allowed to attend or console her mutilated sisters except on the condition of apostacy.

They were afterwards marched out of Polock by night on foot, and chained two by two,—even those whose eyes had been torn out, and whose hideous wounds were festering. Those whose legs were broken, or who were lamed, were sent forward in carts under the care of Cossacs.

A gentleman of Polock, M. Walenkiowitch, having ordered a funeral service to be read for these victims, was seized in the middle of the night and sent to Siberia, his property being confiscated. A monastery of Dominican monks, in another part of the country, having ventured to pray for them, was immediately dispersed.

On reaching Medzioly, the nuns were again immured in a convent of the black-sisterhood, and divided into four parties. Here they were put into sacks, and towed after boats in the water, which was allowed to rise to their mouth and nose. Three more of their number perished in this manner, either of cold, or fear, or drowned by incessant immersion. The inhabitants of Medzioly carried off their bodies in the night, as the earthly coil of holy martyrs which men would some day venerate and hold precious.

After two more years' captivity of the fifty-eight nuns (thirty-four from Minsk, fourteen from Vitepsk, and ten from Polock,) only fourteen survived, and of these eight were either lame or blinded.

The superior, Irena Mieceslas, who had fared the best, had an open wound, from which she was obliged to extract with her fingers the carious bones,

and which afterwards becoming filled with worms, from want of dressing, caused her intense agony.

At length some relaxation of vigilance having opened a prospect of escape, this courageous woman persuaded three of her companions to attempt it with her. In this enterprise these four women all succeeded, enfeebled by disease as they were, and without money or passports, at a distance of between two and three hundred miles from the Austrian and Prussian frontiers.

At the commencement of the present year, profiting by the scene of riot and drunkenness to which the saint's-day of the *protopope* of the convent had given occasion, they effected their escape. Leaping down a high wall into the snow, they alighted in safety, and immediately fell on their knees in thanksgiving. They then separated, to facilitate their flight. The superior, in the midst of all the severity of the season, was driven to hide for days together in the woods, without other food than berries, or any thing to quench her thirst but the snow. Once, driven to extremity, she knocked at the door of a wealthy-looking house, and being received with veneration by its owner, was provided with money, provisions, and a correct map of her route. She crossed the frontier disguised as a

shepherd ; but even then was not in security, as the cowardly government of Prussia gives up even its own subjects to the Tsar.

It was not until she had reached Posen, in the midst of a Polish population, that she felt in security ; and here she had unobtrusively withdrawn to a convent of the sisters of charity, but she was considered too precious, as a living testimony of the horrors daily perpetrated in that Golgotha which the frontier of Russia encircles, to be left in her retirement. With her scars, wounds, and personal evidence, she has been wisely forwarded to Paris, where a deputation recently waited on her, to express their sympathy with her cruel treatment. From thence she proceeded on the 10th of October to Rome, where she was received in the most distinguished manner by the pope and cardinals. In Posen she had been joined by the sister Wawrzecka, and shortly afterwards learned that the other two had in like manner escaped the pursuit of the Russian authorities, and been safely forwarded by the zeal of the inhabitants to the Austrian frontier.

CHAPTER XI.

PRINCE CZARTORYSKI.

IN the last chapter, from unavoidable delay occurring in the publication of the third volume of "Eastern Europe," the author was forced to interrupt the continuity of his chain of argument, to introduce the episode of persecution therein related, which it was judged inexpedient further to withhold, on account of its incredibly revolting character, of the testimony on which it reposes, and of its comparatively recent dates—or perhaps it should rather be said of its present continuance, for can it be reasonably hoped that anything but death will alleviate the sufferings of the ten poor victims who had survived the cruel treatment of seven years, and whom the four fugitives left behind a few months since, in the power of their exasperated tormentors?

This interruption having once taken place, in-

duces the writer, from the like reason which occasioned it,—that of these two volumes being given to the public whilst the third is going through the press,—to subjoin here some observations which have reference to the sketch of the Polish emigration attempted in the first volume. These observations having been put together too late to be added to the chapters devoted to that subject, it had been his intention to append them to the third volume, but he has thought fit to subjoin them here, fearing that an impression might be imbibed respecting a personage therein mentioned, which they are calculated in some degree to modify, inasmuch as the author there described him in the words of his political opponents, whereas here will be given that part of the apology for his conduct made by his partisans and friends, which appears to be founded on facts and reason.

A person better acquainted perhaps than any other in this country with the Polish emigration, though perhaps insensibly influenced by the partiality of private friendship, has favoured the author with some remarks on his estimation of Prince Czartoryski's character, which must be admitted to be full of truth.

He observes that justice is hardly done to

Prince Adam's high and unsullied character and antecedents, or to the services he has since rendered to the emigration.

This is true. It should not have been omitted, that having spent a portion of his early youth in England, studying the spirit and effects of constitutional government in the school of Pitt, Fox, and Burke, he returned to Poland in 1791 to take arms against Russia; and after receiving several marks of distinction for his gallantry, continued to fight under the banner of his country till the suppression of its independence. Such of his vast estates as were within the Polish territory appropriated by Russia, were in consequence confiscated; and it was only through the intercession of the Court of Vienna with the Empress Catherine that these possessions were restored; but on condition that Prince Adam and his brother should reside as hostages in St. Petersburg. Once there, she peremptorily insisted on their entering the service; and the former was attached as aide-de-camp to her grandson Alexander, whose favour and confidence he then acquired, and continued long afterwards to enjoy.

"He has throughout his life," says the correspondent above alluded to, "been steadily guided

by the love of his country, always sacrificing to it every other consideration. He has endeavoured to serve its interests in different ways as circumstances would best allow. When there was no chance of obtaining for it all he wished, or all to which it was entitled, he did not give up its cause in discouragement, but strove unwearingly for *all that was possible*. In early life he was captivated with the liberality—which he had helped to inspire—of the Emperor Alexander, then perhaps sincerely expressed, and sought to secure every attainable advantage for Poland when its independence was out of the question. At the congress of Vienna he laboured successfully to establish for his country at least a semblance of independence, and such an approach to it as promised to leave an after-chance of something better.”

In his capacity of President of Public Instruction, he laboured so assiduously and successfully to instil true patriotic feelings into the minds of the Polish youth, that Novosiltzof charged him, in a despatch to the emperor, with “*having retarded for a century the amalgamation of Poland with Russia.*”

It is further certain, that if Prince Adam was sometimes mistaken in his views of the best method of serving his country, he was at others exclusively

successful in so doing, since during the years 1803-4-5, when even the Polish legion had ceased to exist, he alone had the good fortune of rendering it eminent services.

To the impetus and direction which he then imparted to public instruction is probably owing much of the intellectual and patriotic tendency which now jointly distinguishes the emigration. Most of its celebrities studied like Mitzkiavitch, or taught like Lelewel, in universities and schools founded by his influence, and under his immediate direction.

The partisans of Prince Adam dwell with pride on the display of civil courage made by him in 1826, when after the revolt on the accession of Nicholas to the throne, the senate of Poland was convoked to constitute a supreme court of appeal for the purpose of trying the Poles implicated in the conspiracy. Czartoryski was at the time travelling in Italy, where he had retired when Alexander began his reign of terror in Poland, but he instantly returned to take his place in the senate. This body, it is well known, with a single exception to its unanimity, acquitted the accused, and made a bold report to the emperor, in which it recalled the stipulations of the treaty of Vienna, the official declarations of the

Emperor Alexander, and his speeches to the diet, whereby he had declared the kingdom an independent state, and that the Polish provinces were intended to treble the extent and importance of the *nascent* kingdom. It recalled to the emperor the terms of the constitution, and of the oath to maintain it, which he was violating together. This report, made in the name of the dying president Belinski, was written by Prince Adam.

“ When the revolution of 1830 broke out, he entertained the conviction that the moment chosen was upropitious, yet sooner than neglect any opportunity which might possibly lead to the emancipation of his country, he joined the patriots heart and soul, utterly regardless of the princely fortune and the high position he was sacrificing.”

When called to the presidency of the executive pentarchy, he was frequently in the field during the sanguinary campaign, or as it might perhaps more properly be termed, campaigns, against Diebitch and Paskevitch ; he was present at the battles of Wawre, of Dembé, and Iganie ; and after he had abdicated his office, took part in the last success of the Polish arms at Miedziszec.

When Warsaw was attacked, he marched up with the army of Ramorino, vainly attempting its

relief. When this corps was forced by treble forces to seek refuge on the Austrian frontier, Prince Adam crossed the Vistula with a few officers, and succeeded in joining General Rozytski in the palatinate of Sandomir. He had thus successively when their cause was desperate, joined the last wrecks of the national army; and at length, driven with Rozytski on to the territory of the republic (!) of Cracow, he only quitted that city when the Russian troops were entering it.

He thus commenced his public career at twenty, fighting against the enemies of his country, and the age of sixty overtook him in the ranks of those who were striking the last desperate blows for its freedom against the same oppressor.

Since the expulsion of those who constitute the present emigration, it ought not to be forgotten that Prince Czartoryski has either been chosen, or tacitly allowed by its members of all parties to act in its name for their common interest, and he may be said assiduously, skilfully, and successfully to have assumed the direction of all relations entered into for the general weal of this body, and of the country represented by them, with foreign governments and parties.

The emigrants of all shades of opinions seem

to have left this duty to him, in the full conviction that he would do all that could be done in this respect ; and it would appear that their flattering confidence in his patriotism and activity has not been misplaced. Through his exertions the representative assemblies of France and England have been urged to protest against the Russian occupation of Poland, and ministers to commit themselves upon this subject. His efforts have contributed powerfully to the dissemination of the anti-Russian feeling which is now rising amongst the Slavonians beyond the Russian boundary, and particularly amongst those of the Turkish empire. Czartoryski, in his younger days, when minister of foreign affairs to Alexander, and full of faith in the sincerity of the youthful potentate's liberalism of feeling, had entertained the thought—by no means novel in Russian policy—of gathering all the Slavonic nations beneath the sceptre of the Tsar, who then promised to devote his power to the glorious task of civilising and enfranchising so large a portion of mankind. With this view he had formerly opened channels of communication with these Slavonic branches, and acquired a knowledge of their feelings and condition, which proved highly useful to

him when he sought to expose to them the nature and objects of the Russian cabinet.

The correspondent already cited, strongly objects to two passages in the account given of Prince Adam's character in the first volume, the one stating his conduct to have been during the late revolution "*a tissue of weaknesses and blunders*," the other observing him to be "*neither a man of genius nor of firmness*." These sentences the author must admit to resemble those strokes of the brush unnecessarily harsh and glaring, which, ungracefully introduced into a portraiture, will not bear judging without reference to the whole, and which if isolated, and from the general sense, might be undoubtedly condensed and overstrained, inapplicable and unjust. The impression they were intended to convey, when taken in connexion with following passages, was far from absolute in degree, and could scarcely be considered as invidious in application. It was neither want of accomplishments, nor of ability,—of the firmness of the patriotic citizen, nor of the courage of the soldier—which was meant to be attributed to him either in the text or by the words of his political opponents, which it repeats.

No positive deficiency was implied in the

qualities requisite to constitute an able ruler in average circumstances, but the assertion was simply made, that they fall short of the vast exigencies of a perilous and distracted period, when only daring genius could have steered the helm of state in safety.

It is no reproach to the prince, to contend that, like all the most distinguished men then called to represent Poland in the field and cabinet, he should have failed in the extent or nature of the requisites which constitute an energetic dictator in a time of imminent peril, or of unparalleled difficulty; and all the meaning that the author intended to convey, was that of which the truth has been tested by the event; viz., that such a part the president of the national government was not fitted to play. It is to be hoped, however, that a saviour who might prove so dangerous to the public liberties as one formed of the stuff of which such dictators are made, will never be needed, through the greater unanimity and good sense of the Polish people. It is to be hoped that it will triumph, not through the genius of an extraordinary leader, but through the general energy and unity of the mass; and then it would be difficult for the nation, if it chose a constitutional chief, to do otherwise, from

his unexceptional position, than select Prince Adam for that office. For whom else could they choose, at least out of his family, even if his virtues, services, experience, and abilities had been far less than they have been officially pronounced to be by the enemies of his country, who in the contumacious trial by special commission which confiscated all his property and condemned him to an ignominious death, declared in the counts of his indictment :

“ That the exalted station of the prince, the illustrious name he bore, his vast fortune, his widely extended influence, *and the great abilities commonly attributed to him*, had been the cause why, at the moment of insurrection, a great many persons had watched the conduct of the prince, and found example in it.”

In the same manner that Prince Czartoryski has since successfully directed the foreign relations of the Polish emigration, did he unsuccessfully manage the diplomatic intercourse of the country during its short-lived independence ; but his friends and partisans strenuously and emphatically deny that he ever trusted to diplomacy alone, instead of arms, and that, on the contrary, whilst neglecting no imaginable means which might conduce to

success, he placed his faith chiefly in the result of battles. In proof of this they cite one of his speeches to the diet, advising it against all negotiation, after a combat of which the results had proved doubtful, lest the enemy should consider it a victory. On the other hand, it is of course natural, and perhaps unavoidable, in all popular representation, even for men the most honourable, not to gloss over the errors of their party and of its leaders; but on the other, the author recalls the title of a pamphlet hostile to Prince Czartoryski, published at Warsaw during the revolution, and of which the very title suggests a corroboration of the present assumption of his partisans. It is entitled, "Czartoryski general, and Skrynetski (Skrzynecki) diplomatist," or something to that effect; being satirically intended to point out the interference in diplomatic affairs, and the reliance on foreign mediation attributed to the latter, (then commander-in-chief,) and the part taken in military matters by the former, who was at that time president of the executive government.

Justly or unjustly, however, the prince was very popularly confounded with those whodreading the spread of Jacobinism, and trusting to the intervention of foreign powers, were as much alarmed at

the revolution as at the Russians. The fact, not of his having entertained such ideas in common with the majority of the military and senatorial celebrities of that period, but of their being commonly attributed to him, is confirmed in a pamphlet laudatory of Prince Adam, by that most distinguished of his partisans, the venerable Niemcewicz, the friend and companion in arms of Washington, and of Kosciusko, and the first of Polish poets, of the classic school.

“As to that with which the prince has so often been charged,” continues the pre-cited correspondent, “his *diplomatic negotiations*, it is quite a mistake (though one sedulously encouraged by men of parties opposed to him), to suppose that he relied upon these in themselves ; he knew, and always inculcated the opinion, that they could only avail if supported and strengthened by success in the field. Over and over did he exhort the generals in command to trust to arms alone.”

It is, besides, only fair to state that the diplomatic negotiations into which Prince Adam entered—as mere auxiliary means, according to his declaration,—though unsuccessful, were far from being ill-judged in their direction ; and with a little better fortune, or if pushed a little further,

might have led to very different results. "*Durez, durez jusqu' au printemps,*" said the French minister, holding out a prospect of intervention; whilst the correspondent above quoted says,—“ In 1836 when I was at Howick with Prince Czartoryski, Lord Grey declared to him that had he been as well informed on Polish matters at the time of the revolution as he was then (in 1846), the government of Great Britain would not have remained aloof.” He further remarks as follows on the expression, *now little fitted to the interests of his house* :

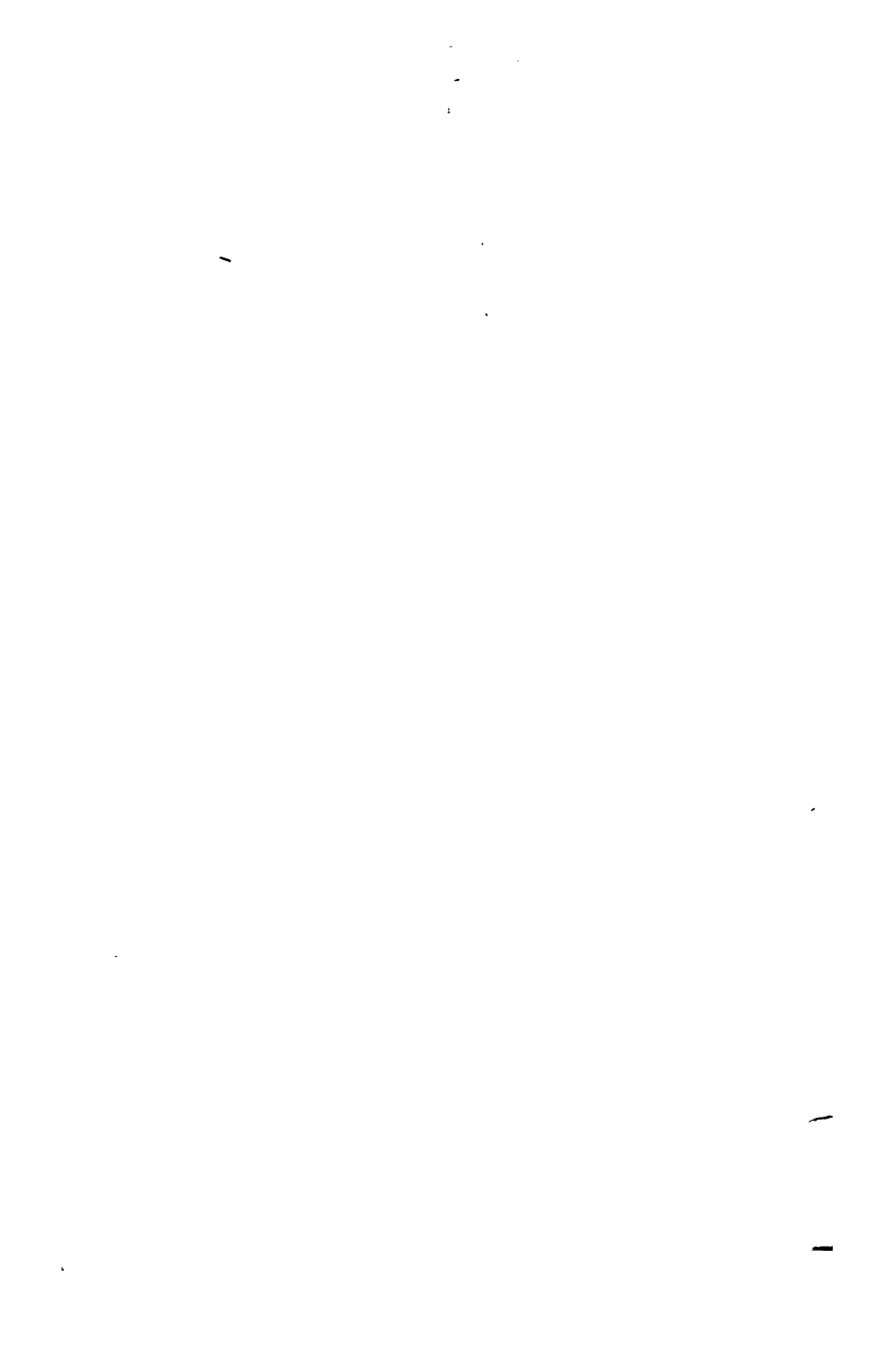
“ He is, it is true, seventy-five years old; but his is a *cruda viridisque senectus*. He is in the enjoyment of excellent health, rides often on horseback, and in mind is as active and vigorous as ever. He belongs too to a family remarkable for longevity. His father was past ninety when he died; his mother, the famous Princess Czartoryski, died only ten years ago, aged ninety-six.”

The most green old age however, when seventy-five years have overtaken a man in exile, must convince even himself that it is rather through the weight of his name and antecedents, or the influence and activity of his family, that he must hope to serve his country, than by any exertions which he may personally be able or called upon to make in its service.

Whilst still upon the this subject, it has struck the author that he ought to have mentioned amongst the illustrations of the prince's party, Count Valerian Krasinski, the author of the "Progress of Protestantism in Poland," whose name is familiar in the literary world of England; Mr. Budzynski, Prince Saphiea, Count Louis Plater, Count Malachowski, the senator Castellan, Count Olizat, General Sierawski, General Dembicki (famous for his retreat from Lithuania,) General Chrysanowski, attached to the British embassy at Constantinople by Lord Palmerston, who had so high an opinion of his military talents, that he caused the command of the Turkish army of operation against Mehemet Ali, in Asia Minor, to be offered him in 1840; and lastly, amongst those who have died in exile, the veteran Kniasewicz who served as general under Napoleon in the Italian campaigns, and whose name is inscribed on the triumphal arch in Paris. The contemporary and friend of Niemcewicz, he died the same year; and having been buried in the same vault at St. Germain, shares a common monument with the departed poet, soldier, and patriot.

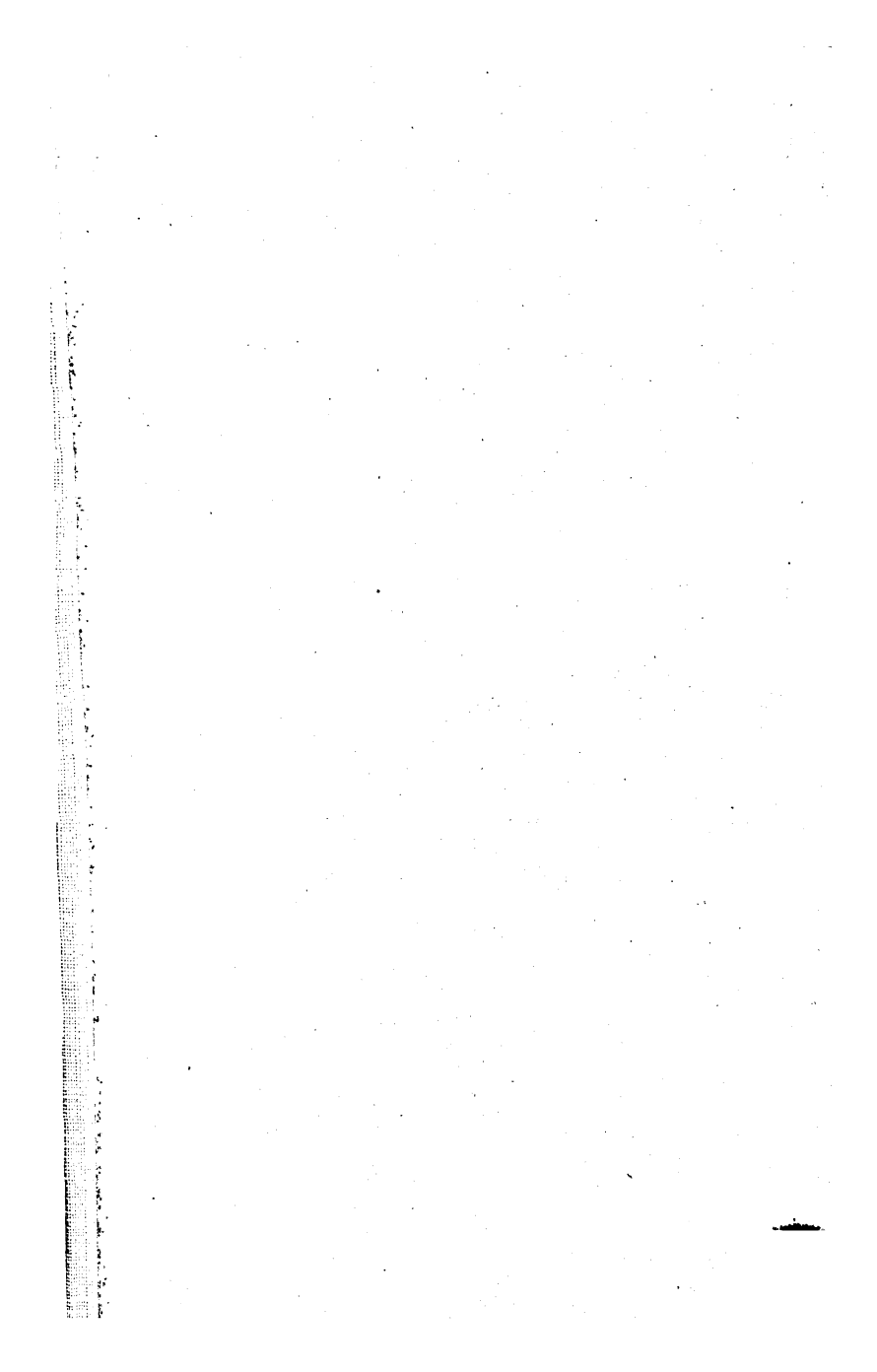
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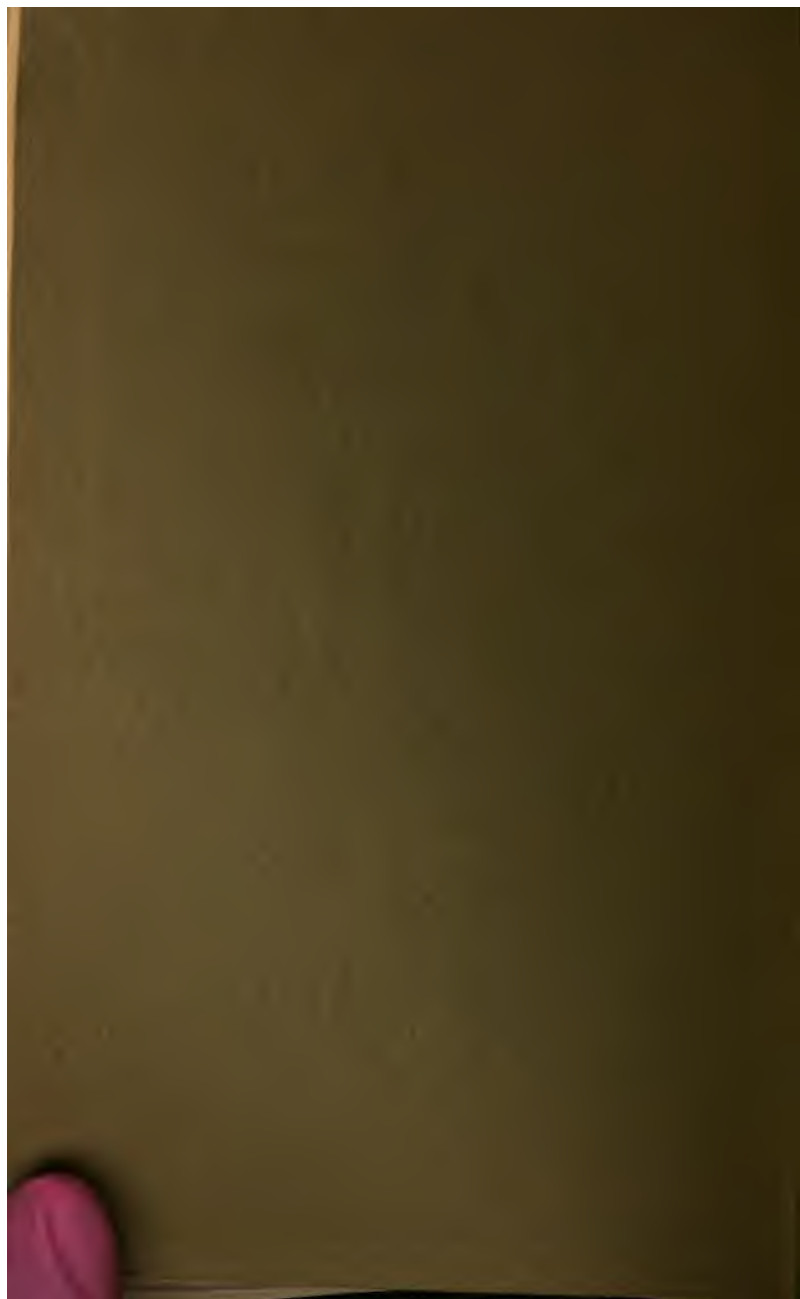




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